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No. 357.

YES!

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Oh, sweet, red-rose, let your lips unclose.
Did you hear what she said last night?
I saw your face, in its sweet, bright grace,
Lean down to the illies white.
And I think you heard each whispered word,
For the wind laughed out in glee,
And a bird sung low to his mate in dreams,
Of the dream that had come to me.

Each drooping lid with its fringes hid
The blue of her eyes from me,
But I saw the red of her cheeks o'erspread
The face that was fair to see.
And her thoughts I read at the words I said
In the red-rose flush on her cheek;
And I knew full well what her heart would say
Ere I heard my darling speak.

Then the wind sung sweet at the lilies' feet—
Sung tenderly, soft and low;
And the roses' musk, in the purple dusk,
Dropped into their cups of snow.
And, "Oh, love of mine! I ask some sign
Of the love that your cheeks confess!"
Then her red lips stirred with one low, sweet
word. And that word! that word was "Yes!"

The Red Cross;

The Mystery of Warren-Guilderland.

A ROMANCE OF THE ACCURSED COINS. BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE HAREM. AFTER two days and nights of hard riding, with short seasons of rest between, Timour-Emad and his band, with the American lady in their midst, approached the stronghold of their tribe.

their midst, approached the stronghold of their tribe.

This Bedouin encampment had been pitched within the tolerably well-preserved walls of an Arab village, which they had laid waste some time previously and as the location was both secure and convenient, being behind walls, and in a "wady" or hollow place, where water was abundant, these restless marauders had not yet grown tired of and forsaken it for some fresh field.

field.

The band approached, riding at full gallop as they neared the encampment, and uttering shrill, resonant shouts of victory; and, midnight though it was, a horde of villainous looking Bedouins rushed out of the breach in the wall which served as town gate, and was guarded by a picked patrol, and swarming round their victorious chief, kissing the feet, garments, and hand he carelessly extended them, or prostrating themselves under his snorting steed's hoofs, to be stolidly ridden over by the haughty conserved with with seeh, other in the auditor of to be stolidly ridden over by the haughty con-queror—vied with each other in the ardor of their welcome. Meanwhile the rest of the band were being dragged from their horses, embraced and passed from hand to hand, with shouts of adulation and welcome, mingled with inquiries to be stolle where the others were, where the spoil was,

It was a strange enough scene for the terrified behind the wall was occupied by a host of "krumas" or tents, whose dingy brown was transformed into crimson by the red flare of the transformed into crimson by the red flare of the rising moon, while, conspicuously placed upon the apex of the gentle eminence, stood the beitel-shar—the khalifa's tent, distinguishable by its position, its handsome white and scarlet stripes, and by the glittering spear thrust into the loose soil in front of it, with the standard of the tribe fluttering from its head.

As the cortege swept through the swarming throngs toward this point, a bevy of women, closely vailed from head to foot, and singing a wild sort of victory hymn, to which they kept time with their feet, approached, surrounded the shelk and his captive, lifted the latter bodily from her saddle, and bore her in their arms within the tent, into its inner compartment, the "harem."

"harem."
Here these dark, soft-eyed, melancholy-looking beings, many of them evidently themselves the spoil of former conquests, and all the slavish ministrants to the savage voluptuousness of their rude lord, applied themselves, with eager zest, to the interesting task of preparing the new victim for the sacrifice; chattering among themselves in their soft, sibilant tongue, of which she understood not one word, while they deftly removed her dust-stained garments, laved her exhausted person in deliciously perfumed waters, thridded their long fingers through her glittering, gold-colored tresses, to free it from the sand of the desert and to charge it with a rich and fragrant unguent; until, under their delicate brown, softly-moving hands, their melancholy leaders.

fragrant unguent; until, under their delicate brown, softly-moving hands, their melancholy eastern eyes, and monotonous whisperings, the weary captive fell fast asleep.

When she once more looked up, at a loss for a moment to account for her strange surroundings, a lurid, breathless, hushed dawn was penetrative it blood and rays through the many interstit s blood-red rays through the many intersti ces of her shelter, and the confused sounds of a savage host awaking to their daily life, came to her startled ear like the buzzing of a mighty

She raised herself to her elbow and sent her terrified glance around the interior of the tent, then over her own person, with wonder and dis-may unspeakable.

As to the former, it was adorned with all the As to the former, it was attorned with an the barbaric splendor procurable through imperial robbery; upon the walls glistened a fine array of Arab weapons, tastefully set off by the richolds of stolen scarfs and shawls of oriental looms; a brilliantly-dyed carpet of morocco covered the bare ground; the divan upon which reclined was a pile of velvety tizer skins. covered the bare ground; the dival upon which she reclined, was a pile of velvety tiger skins, with cushions of delicately-wrought needle-work on softest silk; and, separated only by the few feet of floor between them, she beheld the emir feet of floor between them, she beneld the emir reclining upon another divan, the mate of her own, his eyes fastened in dreamy rapture upon his captive, while he smoked his "nargeleh," keeping up a gentle bubbling noise in the "kuzzach"—a large handsomely cut glass bottle, inlaid with gold, filled with perfumed water, with a long green and gold tube which coiled like a correst the floor. As to Cordelia's own person, she gazed in won-



"Emir, by this seal I demand your protection, and if you refuse it me--"

der and distress at its splendid orientalism; the fabrics were costly and beautiful in the extreme, the hues rich with dashes of gold and scarlet, but, while her head was delicately vailed in a sweeping vail of silver tissue, and her hair strung with glittering coins and immense gems, her bosom was exposed even more liberally than it would have been at a royal reception at the English court.

Perceiving her to have awaked from her long sleep of exhaustion, Timour-Emad, signing her silently to draw her vail close, clapped his hands loudly, and, instantly, two Arab servants entry of lacquer work, in which were socketed two tiny porcelain cups, from which rose the fragrant steam of Turkish coffee. These objects they placed upon the ground between the divans, vanished again, and re-appeared, the one with a golden basin, the other with a golden ewer; and, kneeling before the chief, poured with a damask napkin. This ceremony was performed for the captive immediately after, the attendants not daring to glance at her. They then offered a cup to each, also a gilded bowl filled with a curious pasty mass, which Cordelia recognized as the favorite Arabian dish of rice, wheat, beans, and oil.

As she could not at once prevail upon herself to touch the proffered hospitalities of her captor, he said, in his careful English: "Damsel," it has a distributed by the content of the proffered hospitalities of her captor, he said, in his careful English: "Damsel," it has a cost of her had a content of the manufacture of the approaching simoom, "exclaimed the emir, wishing to reassure her, that the preoccupation of fear might not interfere with the course of his have severiled in a sweeping value of the armight not interfere with the course of file and the nore in the two sea, and beyone he should be remaining to steal a hasty glance over his shoulder, saw something like a little cloud skimming over the yellow sea, and, by the flash which broke from it, knew it for a company of armed riders, galloping toward the shelt-tend of the flas

As she could not at once jeven the professed hospitalities of her captor, he said, in his careful English: "Damsel, eat, I pray thee; drink, then we shall be as kindred, and no strangers. The saltof brother-hood leaves not the heart of a Bedouin. Eat, and be at peace.

and be at peace.'

After a moment's reflection, she compelled herself to accept the significant courtesy, and having satisfied her hunger, which, in spite of her imminent position, the long ride, with its brief pauses for refreshment, had sharpened, she felt herself safer from the violence of the

The symbolic ceremony over, the attendants

emir.

The symbolic ceremony over, the attendants glided out with the utensils, re-appearing with the basin and ewer, only to vanish once more like automatic figures, without casting a single curious glance at their master's latest favorite.

And now came the moment so long mercifully delayed, when the despot of the desert, who had never yet been withstood by any living thing that lay in his power, and the delicately-nurtured American lady, who had never yet been exposed to the violence of so much as a rough word, confronted each other, with a point at issue between them. In all the length of that terrible ride, Cordelia had not yet had one opportunity to examine the sign which she believed Masudi to have imprinted upon her arm. She was thinking of it now, with mingled hope and doubt, wondering what influence it was to exert upon her opponent, when the moment came for her to reveal it.

She was also lifting up her quaking heart to Heaven for aid and courage to uphold her through the dreaded scene; and, unconsciously, the expression of her face became so lofty, calm, and unapproachably pure, that her savage lover hesitated in his rude court, overawed.

In the dead hush, preoccupied as the pair were the vellow glare of the morning light that

and unapproachably pure, that her savage lover hesitated in his rude court, overawed.

In the dead hush, preoccupied as the pair were, the yellow glare of the morning light that struggled through the interstices of the tent, with a certain dry, sulphurous heat and dead lull in the atmosphere, suddenly occurred to Cordelia, who had never endured such utter stagnation in her passage through climates even more tropical, and while it explained to her the depth and duration of her late slumbers, caused a passing emotion of vague uneasiness that, was rather unexpected under the circumstances. Almost instant upon this thought, came such a wild, wailing, unearthly cry—so long, so agonizing, that she grew white with nameless fear, and started to her feet. Timour-Emad's dark, languorous face sharpened and hardened as he heard it; he, too, arose, and stepping to the opening of the tent, swept aside the heavy curtain of goat's hair and looked out over the city of conical tents, to the vast rolling sand-steppes, over which the sky loured, thickly burdened with storm-clouds. over which the sky loured, thickly burdened with storm-clouds.

"Tis the howl of the jackals; they flee before

"Damsel," said he, "thou art fairer than all the women who have been before thee, and none shall come after thee who is worthy to tie thy sandal. Thou shalt be called henceforth 'the Golden Moon,' because that thy head is as the gold of Ophir, and thy face as the white disk of the moon. Be of good cheer, fair Frankish maiden; thou hast found grace in the eyes of the great djied, Timour-Emad; thou shalt be his chief wife, before all the women of his harem. Come hither, Golden Moon."

She checked his fiery ardor with a look, and a proud wave of her hand.

proud wave of her hand.

"Emir," she returned, icily, "beware how you insult me. I am your captive, you know why—for my father's sake, not from love of ou. In my land, a brave man would scorn to emand the duty of a woman who loved him ot. Keep me in captivity forever, if you like, but do not expect me ever to consent to be your

wife."

For a moment he was silent, his hot heart fill-For a moment he was silent, his not heart filling with bitter disappointment and mortification. He had begun to delude himself with the hope that he could bend to his will this gold-haired, angel-faced, proud-eyed princess of the Franks; that she would ere long give him love for love; but under those gentle, pitiless words, and those luminous, fearless, half-contemptuous eyes, his hope died in wrath and pain. It was with a stain of fiercer fire burning on his tawny check, and a new ring in his menacing tones, that he cried:

"Golden Moon forgets that she is the spoil of the conqueror, won him by his spear, and by his saber—his to kill or to save alive—to degrade or saber—his to kill or to save anive—to degrade or to honor. Shall the conqueror then kneel to his captive, suing for what is his by right of warfare? Shall not the captive kneel to her conqueror, praying him to lift her to the high estate of chiefest sultana of his tent? Yea, and as God liveth, many as fair have sued in vain!" and again he approached her, and this time would not be frowned away, but seized her in his brawny arms.

'Stop!" she cried, in a thrilling tone of com-

mand.
Taken by surprise, he released her.
Retreating to the opposite side of the tent, she suddenly possessed herself of a small Eastern dagger, which had caught her eye as the interview progressed, and sweeping back the wide silken sleeve of her Eastern dress, so that the whole of her white arm was visible up to that spot upon which Masudi had imprinted the as yet unknown symbol which was to save her in her darkest need, made as if to plunge the blade into her own bosom, while she exclaimed, verhemently:

"Emir, by this seal, I demand your protec-tion, and swear by my God that if you refuse it me, I shall escape your insulting love by

death!" Timour-Emad stood a moment as if stricken dumb, his eyes fastened upon the mark which was now revealed on the glistening satin of her arm—his lean, dark visage changing, gradually and awfully. A slight shudder then passed over him; he parted his thin lips in a malignant, bit-ter, mocking smile, his white teeth clicking ominously, and, with the blackest blood in his savage heart boiling up under the utterly un-looked-for revelation, his words rolled forth, herself to prayer.

raging and impetuous as the howl of the furious

raging and impetuous as the howl of the furious tiger.

"What!" he yelled, while the same long, tortured wail came again from the desert, as the jackals fled before the coming tempest, and the jingling of the advancing horsemen rung nearer as the strangers swept into the city of refuge—"what! hath my brother Masudi only played the traiter unto me, to send into my tent—to tempt his brother, and to spy out the weakness of the land—his wife? His wife, marked with the blue scarabacus of betrothal—his favorite queen, the delight of his eyes, whom, to touch, were the blackest perfidy of brother to brother? Now, as God and His Prophet live, I shall avenge myself upon this my treacherous brother. Yea, myself upon this my treacherous brother. Yea, and upon thee also, thou dissembler," and with a howl of ungovernable fury, he tore a saber from its rest on the wall, and, throwing himself upon the horrified lady, hurled her to her knees, and flashed the glittering blade above her head in deadly menace.

CHAPTER VIII. THE ARAB RIVALS.

In that supreme moment, while the imperial purple eyes of the doomed lady met with cold contempt and haunting reproach the bloodshot glare of the infuriated savage, a sudden, loud, tumultuous shout came from the people without—the "Allah il Allah " of a salutation, or an attack"

At the first sound of it, the emir dashed aside his weapon and released his intended victim with a curse full of Moslem blasphemy, and, as if he felt ashamed of himself for his momentary impulse against the guest with whom he had so lately eaten the sacred salt of hospitality, strode

instantly from her presence.

Cordelia kept her knees, a heavenly radiance upon her; she was returning God humble thanks for His intervention on her behalf.

Next instant, the reiterated shouts of the multitude took form in her arrested ears, and, to her mingled joy and anxiety, she recognized the Arabian pronunciation of the one word, "Masudi!" Her strange friend had come to her aid.

She examined the mark on her arm. Sure nough, upon the ivory surface was distinctly raced, in hair-like lines, the form of the sacred etle of the East, the scarabaeus, as if tattooed

Timour-Emad had called it the seal of marriage, or betrothal; she was, by its testimony, the property of the man who was now in the camp of his duped ally, Timour-Emad.

What was to be the upshot of these complicat-

ed circumstances?

Suppose Masudi should play her false, as he had played the traitor to his brother emir? Suppose he should claim her, defying her to disprove the testimony of the sign upon her arm?

But no—she could not recall the expression of Masudi's eye as it looked into her own in tha she awaited the result of his appearance among the legions of his ally, whom he had so bitterly angered, with what patience and confidence she

could muster.

"As long as I possess this," murmured she, resolutely thrusting the dagger into her sash, "I am personally safe; I trust I have herosam enough to plunge it into my own heart in defense of my honor, although—thanks to my civilized training—I should find it impossible to turn it against another's."

turn it against another's."
As she mused thus, the tumult without, the mingled clamor of shouted salutation, shrieking mingled clamor of shouted salutation, shricking songs of welcome, chattering tongues, and clashing of barbaric instruments of music abruptly stopped; there was a season of dead, silence, then a great cry, and the terrible clang of weapons drawn from their sheaths.

Cordelia listened in horror. Had Timour-Emad fallen upon his allied brother Masudi? And if he had, and it should be Masudi's fate to fall, what had she to look for?

Shuddering and sickening, Cordelia addressed

Shuddering and sickening, Cordelia addressed

The formidable sounds continued and increas-

The formidable sounds continued and increased in terror; they approached nearer and nearer, and culminated in two voices raised in bitter dispute, which entered the outer compartment of the sheik's marquee.

In the indignant accents of one of these voices, Cordelia easily recognized Timour-Emad's; but the astonished and provoked voice that answered, was strange to her ears. Before she had done noting this fact, a dark hand swept aside the curtain, and two sheiks burst into her astonished presence.

ed, was strange to her ears. Before she had done noting this fact, a dark hand swept aside the curtain, and two shells burst into her astonished presence.

Timour-Emad, gesticulating wildly, while he seemed to invoke the aid of all his gods, and—a stranger, whose first glance at the unvailed beauty of the captive, struck him dumb.

Confused and shrinking before the broad gaze of the excited pair, Cordelia could yet command herself sufficiently to rise and face them with stately rebuke.

"Why this intrusion, chief?" she demanded, coldly. "Is this the courtesy you extend to her who has eaten of your salt?"

The stranger, whose burning eyes were fixed upon the blue scarabaeus in a species of fascination, hearing those delicate accents uttered in the most musical voice in the world, began to examine her from head to foot, with quickly kindled admiration and covetousness. As for Timour-Emad, he seemed to be slowly recovering from a great astonishment, and to be oppressed with the greatness of some new thought. Approaching his captive, he said, in his careful English:

"What sayest thou, damsel sealed with Masudi's betrothal sign—is this thy lord, Masudi's What did he mean? The man before her was certainly not the Masudi who had impressed that sign upon her arm!

As she hesitated, bewildered and fearing to speak, the stranger also drew near her, and she read, with sickening apprehension, the fervid admiration of his looks, and the gradual resolve which crept into his envious eye.

"Hold thy peace, maiden!" exclaimed he, imperiously. "It becometh not the woman to speak in the presence of her lord. By the Law and the Prophets, Timour-Emad, brother of Masudi—he who met thee in the desert, and called himself by my name—hath dealt deceitfully with thee, is an impostor, and not Masudi; and this woman, sealed with the beetle of betrothal, is mine!"

This astounding declaration blanched the cheeks of the captive, and called a dark scowl to

this woman, sealed with the beetle of betrothal, is mine!"

This astounding declaration blanched the cheeks of the captive, and called a dark scowl to the face of the conquering chief.

Evidently he did not believe his visitor's statement—evidently he was just sufficiently enamored of his beautiful captive to welcome with joy any loop-hole through which he might snatch her from another's possession.

"Damsel, is this true!" demanded he, obstinately addressing her, in spite of his visitor's haughty remonstrance. "Hast thou ever before beheld this man, who, wearing not the face of that Masudi who succored thee on the plain, yet claims thee as the queen of his beit-el-shar?"

Trembling, as she read the burning gaze with which the pseudo-Masudi regarded her, and infinitely preferring the tender mercies of the which the pseudo-masted regarded her, and in-finitely preferring the tender mercies of the middle-aged, and rather more noble-looking Timour-Emad to those of this younger and more brutal chief, Cordelia cried, emphatically: "I know nothing of this man, nor he of me. We are strangers."

We are strangers."
Timour-Emad uttered an exultant cry.
"Lo, my brother!" said he, with affected politeness, "the woman denies thee; is it not politeness, the mietalen her for some other politeness, "the woman denies thee, is that thou hast mistaken her for some other woman of thy tent, even more comely than

"The woman hath fled from me," answered the stranger, calmly. "She lies unto my brother. Woman, hold thy peace, lest I deal with thee as thou deservest at my hands. My brother, thou hast been the sport of treachery and falsehood. He who called himself thy brother and ally—the great Emir Masudi—was surely that base slave who assisted the flight of this my newly-betrothed queen. But all is well, Allah hath led my steps hither just in time to claim my own ere thou hadst in thy ignorance possessed the self of it. The woman is safe; the true Emir Masudi is here; his people are with thy people. All is well, God and his Prophet be praised?"

This serene and devout harangue failed to carry the chief auditor along with it, Timour-Emad's admiration for his fair captive augmented a thousand fold as his chances for po dwindled away; he felt an inner convict his plausible brother was swindling him out of a captive he had not the smallest right to, though he could not prove it, and his untutored passions naturally chafed against the intolerable idea of naturally chafed against the intolerable idea of being cheated out of the finest woman he had ever beheld by this, his long-abhorred, but newly-allied brother robber, a younger man than himself, with fewer followers, and more conquests to boast of.

Therefore, it was with rather a formidable darkening of the lean Abrab visage that he an-

"My brother hath said; now, who are his sureties? How are Timour Emad and his people to assure themselves that thou art the true Masudi, and no impostor, and that the other was

Darest thou to cast doubt in the teeth of the chief, laying his richly-bejeweled hand upon the hilt of his saber. "What dost thou, in thine own beit-el-shar, meet this thy newly-allied brother—the mighty Masudi—with insulting doubts, when he cometh unfolthes with his people behind him to retify the head of the religious and the same an ple behind him, to ratify the bonds of our alli-ince? Inshallah, thou dog of a renegade from the sacred customs of our race, set now thy men in array against my ment—spear for spear, and saber for saber—and to the victor be the name of chief of both tribes be given; and so let Allah judge between thee and met?"—And, with a volley of furious Arab oaths, and the foam white upon his lips, the discussed Masadi broke from the tant and aron was heard shouthing to from the tent, and anon was heard shouting to

his men, ordering them to arms used has I am For a moment Timour-Emad hesitated, a passing thought of the welfare of his people oche permit such beauty to grace any other tent than his own, now that he had a chance to fight for the prize. What were the lives of his men worth in comparison with this great triumph. He, too, strode from her presence, and in-stantly the whole encampment was ringing with

the wild clangor of preparation for the unbrotherly conflict.

This utterly unlooked-for complication of circumstances plunged the bewildered lady into a chaos of doubts and fears. Her instant impression, after a keen scrutiny of the stranger's features, was that he was the bona fide Masudi, and that her would-be deliverer had personated him for no other purpose than to effect the rescue of herself and her parents.

The lady paled; she gazed wistfully at her unkerself and her parents.

for no other purpose than to effect the rescue of herself and her parents.

This was not the time to speculate as to his reasons—although the thought of his kindly intentions gave her a momentary thrill of generous gratitude, even in the midst of her consternation at their defeat, by the unexpected appearance of the real Masudi. What was going to happen

One of these two sheiks must inevitably prove

the conqueror, and, whichever it was, she was his acknowledged spoil.

She addressed herself to prayer.

The noise of preparation went on, increased, grew deafening, then suddenly passed away into the distance. The contending forces had gone forth of the gates to set the battle in array on the free sweet of the deept.

on the free sweep of the desert.

Suddenly Cordelia, kneeling with her face hidden in her hands, and gasping for breath in the dead, stifling atmosphere, heard a great cry, mingled with a roar, as of rushing waters, rising from the desert; and before she had time to reach the opening of the tent to look out, the women from the next compartment came shright. women from the next compartment came shrick-ing into hers, and simultaneously came a thun-der-clap, and something that struck the tent like a furious wave, tore at its stout cords, snapping them like pack-thread, plucked the stakes from the ground, and lifting the whole canvas bodily, carried it away in a cloud of sand and burning

vapor.
The simoom was upon them; the simoom with its scorching breath laden with the fine, impalpable sand of the wastes it had roared over, bearing on its terrible wings a myriad stinging, gashing, blinding balls—the wild artichoke of the desired which the summer heat had dried up until they ert, which the summer heat had dried up until they were mere vegetable puffs, light as down, yet so covered with long prickly spines that they wounded whom they struck like hedgehogs, and rode the tempest, carrying terror and destruction with them. For a time Cordelia lay senseless, struck down by the skirt of the canvas as it vanished. What were her sensetions when reigner struck down by the skirt of the canvas as it vanished. What were her sensations when, raising herself at last, she discovered the forms of her female companions lying around her in every attitude of abject, unreasoning terror, their faces buried in the sand, and not a fold of their sand-la len garments moving. Cordelia had recovered during a lull in the hurricane, when, the sky completely obscured by the sulphurous clouds, the whole atmosphere choking with dust, and a sinister yellowish glare irradiating the scene from horizon to horizon, nothing moved and nothing could be heard save the far-off wailing of the panic-stricken jackals as they scoured the unsheltered plain like evil spirits.

of the panic-stricken jackals as they scoured the unsheltered plain like evil spirits.

In every direction lay the wrecks of tents with their late occupants prone on their faces amid the ruins; the very camels and horses she saw crouching with their noses buried in the sand, as if every living thing covered the face from the awful spectacle of the passing storm.

As for the late combatants, Cordelia could barely make out a confused black mass lying huddled together some half-mile beyond the wall, friend and foe apparently forgetful of their enmity, and the pallid sheet of dust settling down upon them alike, as one common shroud.

And while she gazed, with seorching eye-balls, her brain reeling and a deathly sickness stealing over her, in all that wide, moveless plain, on which the passing tornado had obliterated all sign of life, she saw one tiny speck gliding swiftly through motionless host, and untrodden sanddrift, and overthrown wall, and scattered tents, and unic switten people, and overtice a price switten people. and panic-smitten people, and cowering animals, and the hot, breathless, prickle-laden, miasmatic, brimstone-smelling atmosphere which brooded over all, gliding nearer and nearer, with mantle dragged across his face, and glittering cangiar half revealed with which to manace any

that might bar the way.

And this one man, the only soul besides herself who dared to look into the face of the storm, came to Cordelia at last, and suddenly seizing. her hand, swept aside his vailing mantle, and she saw that it was the Masudi who had imprinted the sign upon her arm.

CHAPTER IX

gain, as his honest eyes looked into the lady's. | flask.

again, as his honest eyes looked into the lady's, she experienced the sudden thrill of a nameless belief in him, and confidence in his intentions, as well as in his power to save her.

"Thank God!" aspirated she, tears of gratitude in her lovely eyes; "but, hush! the women, if they hear, may prevent me from going with you."

you."
As she uttered this warning, the Arab caught up from the earth at his feet a loose cloak, the "abaiyeh" of the Bedouin, an ample garment of black sackcloth of camel's hair, richly interwoven with gold thread, the emir's own garment, in fact; this he wrapped about the slender figure of the lady, so as to conceal her person and sex; then he took from his own head the "tarbush," or fez cap, and placing it upon hers wound around it an elegant shawl of gold tissue, letting a thick fold of it envelop her face, as if against the sand-laden atmosphere. Having thus instantaneously transformed the brilliantly attired eastern lady into a very passable likeattired eastern lady into a very passable likeness of an Arab stripling, he placed upon his own head the first cap he saw upon the ground, providing himself from the same source with the enveloping turban, with which he also concealed his face, so that none who chanced to see him could distinguish a single feature.

"Come" whispered he pressing his experience of the come of t

"Come," whispered he, passing his arm around the form of the lady, English fashion, to her momentary surprise, and helping her deftly through the drifted sand toward a newly-made breach in the environing wall; and without question, without doubt, she went with him, careful to watch his every sign with punctillors duestion, without doubt, she went with him, careful to watch his every sign with punctilious obedience to it, an intelligent docility which set the great philosopher speculating upon the genealogy which had produced such an exceptional

curiosity as a rational woman.

As they passed out of earshot of the panicsmitten host, and walked away together seemingly into the heart of the sand-ocean, he rapid-

ingly into the heart of the sand-ocean, he rapidly explained his opportune appearance.

"I escorted thy father and mother beyond the limits of the desert, and they are now doubtless safe in Mecca. I then returned to set thee free, with a chosen band, and, meeting with the true Masudi mid-path, for I but borrowed his name that I might the better rescue thee and thine, accompanied him hither, intending to set the two emirs in battle against each other, and to take advantage of their pre-occupation to deliver take advantage of their pre-occupation to deliver thee. Yonder lie my band. When the chiefs declared war, we were permitted to withdraw ourselves beyond the sand-hill, having promised to remain neutral. The simoom hath melted the hearts of these valiant foes; they lie cheek to cheek, crushed alike by Heaven's hot wrath; and, meanwhile, the despised stranger flies with

quick warning cry was raised by the band—and looking behind, the terrified lady saw that they were pursued by the legions of both tribes, friend and foe mingled in the hot chase.

The lady paled; she gazed wistfully at her unknown deliverer. What would his course be in the face of this overwhelming host? What could he do with his handful before all these?

the face of this overwhelming host? What could he do with his handful before all these? As if he read her thoughts in that long look, he smiled at her, and his smile was so sudden, so frank and brilliant, that she felt incomprehensibly drawn toward him, and intuitively betrayed the feeling, by an answering smile of simple faith.

"And besides," said the apparent Arab, waving his dark hand toward the two horizons, from each of which a mysterious phalanx of sandpillars were swiftly advancing, magnified to colossal dimensions by the weird mirage.

And the word had scarce left his mouth, when the storm, whose aid he had seemed to promise her, burst upon them. It was the second paroxysm of the simoom.

With a crashing and tearing sound, like the ripping of giant sails, the storm-gust burst from the imprisoning clouds—struck the little band like a wave of the lashed-up sea, and sent them all staggering to the ground, to lie there motionless, with their faces buried in the dust, while the suffocating sand-storm swept over them, laden with those tearing, stabbing, spiked stubbleballs before described; and the awful sand-pillars circled round them, and passed and repassed them in a deadly dance, as if looking for them; while they held their breath, and clung to the scorching ground, and tried through half-closed eyelids and vailing scarfs to see the approach of the fatal pillars, any one of which might glide upon them, and, struck by a flaw of wind from an opposite direction, dissolve and bury them under tons of burning sand, never to breathe again.

As Cordelia's horse had fallen to hisknees, shak-

bury them under tons of burning sand, never to breathe again.

As Cordelia's horse had fallen to his knees, shaking her off the saddle as he did so, her friend had caught her in his arms, wrapped her vail more securely over her mouth and nostrils, and crushed her into the shadow of her steed, say-

crushed her into the shadow of her steed, saying earnestly:

"Press close to the animal, and breathe not the air as it passes; it is laden with death."

And she had carefully obeyed him, only groping anxiously for his hand to hold while the terrible storm passed by.

The wind roared and shricked; it was hot as

The wind roared and shrieked; it was hot as a blast from an oven, and while the sharp sand and spiked artichoke-balls, with which it was burdened, cut and scorched them wherever it could sift through their garments, it tore these sheltering garments from them, and rent them piecemeal, and stripped them defenseless; the last flicker of daylight was obscured by the wild wrack of the piled-up clouds, and the thickness of the atmosphere, and the sun peered through the yellow, smoky haze as red as blood; all sounds were drowned in the deafening roar and seething hiss of the passing tornado; Cordelia felt the horse against which she lay trembling and groaning in panic, and the hand that clasped hers tightening its pressure, but her soul sunk at the horror of this storm, so utterly unparalleled in her experience. eled in her experience.

And still no cessation.

She felt her breath failing her; the density of the atmosphere was oppressing her beyond endurance; she felt, too, the weight of the drifting sand sensibly increasing upon her extended form, and dared not move to shake it off lest the wild wind might snatch her breath away altogether. The heat seemed to augment every instant; already it was painfully hot, and her flesh was smarting and stinging, wherever it was exposed smarting and stinging, wherever it was exposed to the drift. She clasped the friendly hand closer and closer, and sought to draw his attention to her distress, in the child-like confidence with which he had inspired her, and, sure enough, he responded at once, with an instant comprehension that strangely charmed and astonished her, even as she felt his strong arm drawing her up to his shoulder, and his soft palm pressing some restorative to her nostrils; and then all grew black and silent, and she knew nothing.

She recovered herself with a shock of icy water dashing in her face, and cutting off the breath which she seemed to be dragging up from beneath a mountain weight; and opening her eyes, saw, hazily, a handsome English gentlemen bending over her, while he spoke in eager, excited tones.

THE SAND-STORM WAIF.

"I HAVE come to succor thee," said the disuised German, still preserving his character of
drop more brandy." And he endeavored to guised German, still preserving his character of drop more brandy." And he endeavored to Arab in pursuance of his own private plans; and force between her reluctant teeth the rim of his flask. After swallowing a few drops she was enabled to look round, the mists still obscuring her languid vision, but with tolerable conscious ness and recollection. She was in the midst of horses were picketed at hand, and a camp-fire shed a fitful light some few feet around, while the thick darkness of a moonless and starless night walled them in like a black pall. The hurricane had evidently passed, leaving a great calm, in which the thermometer had fallen considerably, so that the night air seemed deathly. calm, in which the thermometer hat rather considerably, so that the night air seemed deathly cold to the recovering sufferer.

Where was her faithful deliverer? Where were his little band?

Not an Arab in sight, and what she could see of

the surrounding plain showed it desolate and sol

Having seen that she was perfectly conscious, the gentleman drew back and gave a command to another man, obviously his servant, who brought up the horses and proceeded to load them with the camping properties which strewed the ground. Meanwhile the gentleman and his two companions buckled their cloaks on, and scattered the fire-brands for and wide among scattered the fire-brands far and wide among the prowling jackals, which its blaze had attract-ed in a wide outer circle. At length the leader

"Can you speak any English?" demanded

he.
She made an effort to answer him in his own tongue, but was too weak to articulate, and after waiting a moment, he said to his compan-

ions:
"No, evidently she doesn't. You see their women are never expected to meet us barbarians, so they are not taught our language, though the shrewd rascals themselves take care to understand enough of it to cheat us finely. Well, all I can say is, she's the most European-looking Asiatic I ever saw, and if she isn't English-born, she ought to be. We must take her on with us, evidently, as she can't tell us where she belongs to; I dare say we shall meet some of her blessed country are soon, who will interpret what she ountrymen soon, who will interpret what she

And without waiting to solve her eager but feeble gestures, as she tried to make him un-derstand, in dumb show, that she wished to know what had become of her companions, he picked her up in his arms, deposited her in a covred van upon a mattress, and the party swept out into the night once more. Several hours afterward Cordelia succeeded in

attracting their attention, having recovered sufficient strength to call out:
"Gentlemen, for God's sake, stop!"
Perfectly electrified they gathered around her.
"What! are you an Englishwoman, then?"

When she was calm they told her the rest.
The leader of the band was one Marcus Gayure, a London solicitor, who had traveled into
hese regions in his search for a Baron Berhold, of Warren-Guilderland, and coming upon old, of warren-tonnerrand, and coming upon r, apparently an Arabian lady smothered in a late sand-storm, with a dead Arab beside r, they had felt constrained to pick her up, as r heart still beat, but feeling no life in her commion, they had left him undisturbed, and hurd on with her to a safe distance from the dearing operations which was at head

Bedouin encampment which was at hand.
"Gentlemen," said Cordelia, urgently, "I can not leave him to the birds and beasts of Return, I beg of you, and let me bury

ty deliverer."
They at first refused; then, as she still persist-They at first refused; then, as she still persisted, tried to reason with her. But when they saw that she would not accompany them another step unless they obeyed her wishes, they returned toward the spot where the sand-storm had entombed the Arab party.

But though they searched that whole day, they never found the spot.

"It is useless," said Gaylure, who was strangely attentive to the lady's whims, considering that as yet she had not sought to reveal her name or circumstances; "the wind has risen, and has doubtless buried your rescuer hours

name or circumstances; "the wind has risen, and has doubtless buried your rescuer hours since! The face of the desert changes every hour; it is like the sea, swept by waves which beliterate every print."

And she was forced to yield, and to ride away with them, but an infinite pain and regret.

with them, but an infinite pain and regret weighted her heart, and she froze to all their ap

Now, madam, if you will direct us where to take you, that you may be placed in the hands of your friends," at last insinuated Gaylure, with suppressed eagerness, "we shall go wherever

Her countenance darkened still more: her old, proud eyes closed with a pang of anguish.
"I have no family," she said; "ask me no
ore." And she turned from them like one ut-

Gaylure checked the curiosity of his friends with a meaning look, and they left her to him. And when he had sat by her in the caravan some hours, talking in his own plausible, ingentous way, and unfolding all the riches of his spiritual nature, and the sagacity of his mental structure, she gradually melted, and looking despairingly up in his eyes, told him this story: "I have just discovered that my mother, who married him whom I supposed to be my father, believed herself a widow at the time, but he knows that her former husband is still alive, and she does not. I cannot return to them under

she does not. I cannot return to them under these circumstances, nor reveal their names to any one; let me go my own way."

And Mr. Gaylure answered warmly, after a few minutes of deliberation: "Very good, my dear; henceforth you shall be my daughter."

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 355.)

DOUBTS AND HOPES.

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER.

How many of earth's weary mortals Wait beside Death's river so cold, And watch for a glimpse of the portals That lead to the City of Gold And they long for the dark-winged angel Whose coming brings freedom from pain

Whose coming brings freedom One touch of whose toy fingers Will sever life's mystic offain-One touch and life's struggle is ended; But is there a future for all? Though the body and soul here are blended, Does the som with mortality fall?

Shall we gain all the hopes of life's dreaming When we've crossed Death's turbulent tide? Shall we really see Heaven and an els Through portals that open so wide?

Or are the portals and beautiful Heaven But fancies of a weak earthly band? Do the angels we dream of live only In marble and paintings so grand?

Will the kiss that we give friends when shroud Be the last that we ever shall give? When the coffin-lid closes above them, Have they ceased forever to live?

Oh, surely, the Maker that made us, And gave to each mortal a heart, Has designed some home in the future, Where the loved of earth never will part.

But if we shall nevermore greet them, And no Power after death will them save, 'Twere better if Lethe's depthless waters Would sweep o'er each tear-bedewed grave.

But the Maker that guardeth the sparrows, And husbands the lilies so fair, And maketh their life in this earth-land A heaven of pleasure so rare, Will care for the soul He has created,

For 'tis not wise in the reaper, you say, To care for the chaff of the wheat-field, And let the real kernels decay.

All things are created for something, And the earthly to mortals is given And the earthly to mortals is give But the mortal is made for the spiri And the spirit is created for Heav

The Hunted Bride: WEDDED, BUT NOT WON

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN, AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI. THE SICK PASSENGER. "GOOD-MORNING, Miss Ovington," said the

"Good-Morning, Miss Ovington," said the captain, as Margaret took the seat reserved for her, next to his own, at the table, the morning after the last performance. "I see that Juliet has arisen from her grave more blooming than before that melancholy catastrophe. Really, you look bright as the morning—and that is very bright indeed. I think an ocean voyage is doing you good; I noticed, when we first set out, that you were rather pale; but look at her now, Mrs. Matthews, and tell me what you think of the sea air for bringing out the roses." "Very efficacious, indeed—a splendid tonic, captain," answered the manager's wife, with a good-natured smile at the young lady, whose face was really marvelously changed from that desolate and haunted-looking countenance which she had brought on board the vessel. The elder lady suspected, in her own heart, that salt spray and sea air were not the only tonics in this case of speedy improvement, but did not see fit to say so, for two reasons—she felt kindly toward the girl, and she stood in awe of Kemble Kellogg.

ogg.
I have seldom made a more prosperous voyage," continued the captain, as he waited on Margaret to some delicacy which he thought fit-test for her plate. "In about two days and six

test for her plate. "In about two days and six hours more, ladies and gentlemen, if no ill-wind blows, I shall land you at the Liverpool dock." "I'm sorry," said Margaret, smiling; "I like the ocean so much I would rather keep on sail-

ight her, that she did not visibly start, horen turn pale very suddenly. She raised her k and ate her toast, feeling as if turning into ne, and conscious that the color was gradually ping from her face, despite of her superhuman port to control it.

bbing from her face, despite of the flort to control it.

But there might be more than one Martinique in the world! Then, why did she not immeditely raise her eyes, and put an end to this susense? Her lids were like lids of ice, immovable. No need of looking, to make certain of the colority.

calamity.
Thank you, captain—a small piece "—his Thank you, captain a small piece with the voice calm, pleasant, low, with nothing in it to attract the notice of others, except it might be its richness, but to her, ringing with a fine undertone of devilish exultation in her agony and his triumph. The waiter brought hot toast. his triumph. The waiter brought hot toast.
"Will Miss Ovington have some?" asked the

"Will Miss Ovington have some?" asked the polite senor.

She declined, still without raising her eyes.

Presently, when the little bustle attending his getting seated to his breakfast had subsided, she knew that he was looking at her with the purpose of making her look at him; slowly she lifted her face, and her gaze for an instant confronted his. Absolute despair must have been the only expression in her eyes; his were cool, guarded, with just the shadow of a terrible smile threateningly in the background. He did not attempt to claim her acquaintance, made no advan es; but when her glance had slunk away from his, went on chatting to the captain about life in the tropics, in an easy, airy way, which

advances; but when her glance had slunk away from his, went on chatting to the captain about life in the tropics, in an easy, airy way, which charmed all that end of the table, and left Margaret leisure to realize her position.

One glance she had given to Mr. Kellogg, who sat at the other end of the table, he having had the good sense not to pay too much attention to the young lady in public; he smiled and bowed as he met her eye, contented almost to carelessness with his happiness. After that, it may be that she continued to feast on the ashes before her; what she did or did not do, she could never thereafter recall. She grew cold, limbs, and pulse, and heart; the ship seemed to spin round and round down a vortex; she heard Kellogg's gay voice far, far away, as if from another world; it was dim as evening all about her; and when Mrs. Matthews and the captain laughed aloud at something said by the senor, thunder could not have sounded more startling. As in some of the opium-dreams of De Quincey, in which he lived through imagined centuries, she seemed always to have been sitting at that table, listening to the far murmur of his tones, musical, carefully modulated, sharp only to her ear, with a sting of malice and triumph. Must she sit thus for centuries more, to be tortured? Would he never cease talking, breakfasting, laughing?—go away, and leave her power to move?

"Why, where are the roses of which we were"

"Why, where are the roses of which we were boasting? cried the captain, when, after a lengthy chat with the Southerner, his wandering attention came back to the lady at his right

You must have been mistaken about there ever being any," she answered him, with a piti-ful attempt to smile, and feeling as if the speaker were encompassed with shadows, and hearing her own voice like that of a stranger ringing in

individuality is exhausting."

Ah! she knew all that he meant by that; the ship spun faster down the slippery green walls of the vortex, the air grew dimmer and colder—she slid from her chair to the floor.

"She has fainted!" cried good Mrs. Matthews,

she slid from her char to the floor.

"She has fainted!" cried good Mrs. Matthews, in alarm.

The stranger folded his napkin and put it in his pocket; and, as the ladies gathered about the unconscious girl, he walked out on deck to take a survey of the surroundings.

"What is it?" asked Kellogg, quite flushed with anxiety, trying to do something for Margaret, but the ladies put him aside.

"Go out on deck a few moments, my child," said Mrs. Matthews, who always adopted a maternal manner toward her pet and hero; "the less about her the better. She'll be quite herself in a short time, I dare say. "Doubtless she has overexerted herself."

The actor obeyed, pacing back and forth in a restless style, quite different from the placid indifference with which the new passenger leaned on the railing, looking up at the few light clouds which trailed along the northern horizon. Presently he turned from a contemplation of the clouds to that of the face of the restless young man, who passed him so nearly in the narrow space.

"You play Romeo splendidly." he observed.

space.

"You play Romeo splendidly," he observed, catching the other's glance, and bowing slightly with mock deference.

"You think so?" politely, but too absorbed in thoughts of Margaret to heed either the speak-

in thoughts of Margaret to heed either the speaker or the compliment particularly.

"It's a role that suits you exactly," continued the stranger. "The lady, too, seemed quite up to her part. But allow me to suggest that in playing with another man's wife, you play with a little less vim. It might please the lady better than her lord."

"What do you mean?" asked Kellogg, turning short upon the speaker. His first impulse was to knock him overboard into the sea; his eyes flamed, and his hand shut up with the desire to strike. Something in the Southerner's dark face reminded him of an unlooked-for possibility; he saw the truth, as by a lightning-flash, and his hand sunk to his side. Astonished, for the moment horrified, he was undaunted. Face to face with the enemy—ha! All the better, perhaps. Only, he must have time to reflect upon the new position. You must translate for yourself, sir," said

"You must transace for yoursel, sir, said the haughty Southron.
"I understand you—perfectly," answered the actor, still more haughtly. He would say or do nothing more now; but in his heart was the de-termination to protect and rescue the woman he loved, though a life should have to pay the price

only believe it, comes out of his retreat to-day. He told me last evening he should try and breakfast with us."

"What?" cried the lively leading lady; "is there a passenger among us?—an unknown?"

"Yes; didn't you know of the seasick Southern gentleman who has kept his berth from the hour of coming on board? those jaundiced tropical chaps are apt to suffer. If I had a liver like theirs I'd commit suicide."

Margaret half-raised her eyes, and glancing across the table, saw an empty plate and a chair turned down directly opposite her own. She did not know what was the matter with her, but she shivered as if a breeze from some near ice-berg had struck her.

"Irritable, too, these high-peppered gentlemen are," continued the bluff captain. "But, hush! talk about you know who, and he is sure to appear. Here comes the invalid now."

Margaret half a touch of the timidity natural to the circumstances which beset her; and she did not immediately raise her eyes, as she heard the waiter bustling to seat the stranger; she had a piece of buttered toast on her fork at the moment when she heard the captain say, in his hospitable manner:

"Have a bit of fried chicken, Mr. Martinique?"

Tt may be taken as a proof of the stern self-control which her last year of endurance had taught her, that she did not visibly start, nor even turn pale very suddenly. She raised her fork and ate her toast, feeling as if turning into

them, lest she should meet a hated smile.

Again and again she thanked God for encompassing her with friends before the deadly peril which environed her steps became known to her. She saw, at a glance, the situation, and had no reason to be greatly surprised. Swift, cautious, and, as she deemed, secure, as had been all her movements, in obtaining passage, under a new name, on board the steamer, it was now evident that Martinique had been equally swift, and more cunning. Having discovered her purpose, instead of seeking to restrain her by an injuncmore cunning. Having discovered her purpose, instead of seeking to restrain her by an injunction which might bring his private history too broadly before the public, he had quietly taken passage on the same boat, only being careful not to betray his presence on board until it was far too late for Margaret to retreat. It is probable that he had intended remaining undiscovered by to betray his presence on board until it was far too late for Margaret to retreat. It is probable that he had intended remaining undiscovered by the woman he persecuted until after she had settled herself in London, to which city he knew her passage was paid, when he could unexpectedly confront her and demand her obedience as his wife, without danger of interference from the high-spirited "Americanos," who might, on board the vessel, constitute themselves her defenders. But his jealousy had been kindled to a raging flame by the events of the last three days; and his burning desire for revenge could gratify itself in no other way so exquisitely as by his presenting himself before the mistaken girl who had vainly allowed herself to dream a dream which should never be realized. "Never!" he was saying to himself now, as he still leaned on the guards; "doubtless he has told her that she can procure a divorce—that is their game, I suppose! The poor little fool will no longer be so timid, now that she has a man of the world to advise her. But I am equal to both of them. My Lady Margaret has taken the very step which will throw her into my arms. In England it is not so easy to get away from an adoring husband; and I shall take care that she

a bolder processing the continued to shield, both by honor now felt himself bound to shield, both by honor and love.

"I'm half sorry I came out," he continued to reflect. "She's a defiant creature, as I've reason to know, and if she should throw herself on the protection of these 'gallant American tars'"—sneeringly—"they'd make the ship too hot to hold me. I will do nothing of which she can complain—do nothing to disturb her—and, in the mean time, I can quietly enjoy her consternation. I need a little comfort, after the race that girl has led me." Here he sauntered to a window of the cabin which allowed him a look at the face he so mercilessly admired.

An interesting face! beautiful beyond mere charm of features and complexion, or it never could so soon have fascinated the critical eye of the young actor, no more than it could have held the quick-tempered senor to look and long,

her own voice like that of a stranger ringing in her ears.

"She has been overexerting herself these last two evenings," said the quiet senor. "She puts too much of herself in her acting. Such lavish individuality is exhausting." been glad to become the bride of the wealthy merchant-planter. Margaret sat, resting her head on the broad shoulder of the "leading lady," her eyes closed, their dark lashes contrasting with the pallor of her face. Presently Mr. Kellogg approached, offering her a book to read. Martinique would have given the best of his Maracaibo plantations to have the power of calling a smile and blush to her cheek like that which came at the other man's slightest word. Loving her as he did, with an intense, if selfish ardor, it is not strange that the sight made him furious.

furious.

"To my wife! my wife!" he repeated, gnawing his lip in his rage, for so long had he accustomed himself to think of Margaret as his wifethat he ignored the fact that the name had been forced upon her by an infamous fraud, and that she had never done anything but repudiate the title. "She dares to blush, to lift her eyes to him, as if he— By Heaven, they shall repent it! they shall repent it!" and stalking into the cabin, his features set and almost green, so dark did his yellow face grow with suppressed fury, he drew a chair almost in front of the two ladies, and there he sat for the next two hours. lies, and there he sat for the next two ho

he drew a chair almost in front of the two ladies, and there he sat for the next two hours, with only a two weeks' old newspaper as a pretense for occupation.

"Good gracious! What a man! I'm glad he remained in his state-room, if he's that savage and unsociable," whispered Mrs. Matthews in her young friend's ear—"handsome, though, and real diamonds, as large as peas, in his shirt-buttons. I can't make out whether he's really reading that stupid paper, or only making it an excuse to stare at you, my dear. Heigho! at your age I used to be stared at, too—but that's come and gone. It's your turn now, and I'm not going to be envious."

"You would not be, indeed, if you knew all," thought the young lady.

"Another conquest, I'm quite positive," continued the manager's wife, after another quarter-hour had passed; "he stares at you over the top of the journal constantly—do you know it, my love? His eyes perfectly blaze! Why, my child, you've just upset the boat, with your coming out as Juliet. There isn't a man on board whose brains are not upside down."

coming out as Juliet. There isn't a man on board whose brains are not upside down."

Margaret could endure no more; she felt as if she could not live another moment under that devilish eye, and drooped in her seat like a terrified bird. Aroused at this, Mrs. Matthews spring to her feet, exclaiming:

"Sir by what right do you townout we know the search of the searc

"Sir, by what right do you torment us here! There, sir, is the door!" So imperious, as well as unexpected, was her gesture, hat Martinique arose, as if ordered by a queen, and retreated upon deck.

the hearts of these valiant foes; they lie cheek to cheek, crushed alike by Heavers hot wrath; to cheek, crushed alike by Heavers hot wrath; and, meanwhile, the despised stranger files with the jewel for which they went out thirber to spill each other's blood." And the supposed Arab laughed gently and surcastically.

After a tolisona half-hour's march, the pair reached the little group of armed Arab, swhich composed the escort of the threpid German, and been captured by a band of Bedouins, and received by a friendly Arab, and the simoon had eltowhere the whole band. "Where is hef" she exclaimed, passionately, inglike their brethren of the tribes of Tana Masudi, and mounting the town bling horses, the band set off across the desert as fast as they could urge the reluctant brutes, who, possibly reading the signs of burning and husbed atmosphere, and lowering red clouds, were loth to relinquish the shelter of the sand-doon, for the desolution of the plain.

Without question Cordelia allowed herself to be placed upon the back of the every fine and may wite he her unknown deliverer selected, and, keeping close to his side, rode boldly onward,"

Albast he died in rescuing me." And she gave way to violent weeping.

and to whisper the terrible story to white-faced lady-passengers. There was no great outcry, after a few first screams of terror or surprise. All the ladies went quickly to their state-rooms, and provided themselves with the warmest clothing they had, putting on two pairs of stockings, and bringing back with them hoods and shawls, such stores of money and jewelry as they had being secured within their garments. Fortunately, there were no steerage passengers; and the captain, appearing soon in the cabin, assured his breathless listeners that the boats would be ample for their accommodation—that they were being provided with food and water, and that when the moment came that the vessel must be abandoned, if come it did, which they were laboring hard to avert, all should have due notice in time to thoroughly prepare themselves notice in time to thoroughly prepare themselves for the hardships before them. In the mean time, dinner would be served as usual, and he advised them to eat, as it might be some time before they again enjoyed a warm and well-cooked dinner. He smiled as he said this last, but he could not prevent a certain soleunity of them. dinner. He smiled as he said this last, but he could not prevent a certain solemnity of tone, which impressed upon them, in spite of his assumed cheerfulness, that a voyage in open boats in the month of January was not a desirable thing. Old tales of shipwrecks, of starving crews in open oceans, long days and nights of hope which changed to despair, and courage which melted into insanity and death, came, spectral and gaunt, before their memories. They looked in each other's faces, shuddered, and sighed. But when they heard the steady clanging of pumps, and thought of the hell of fire that smoldered under them, ever spreading, creeping, deepening, seeking, with tongues of flame, for every smallest stream of air; when they thought of this, conquering the steady fight of the faithful crew, and gaining on them, hour by hour, the boats took on a friendly and homelike guise.

like guise.

Mr. Kellogg had conducted Margaret to her state-room, and stood outside while she gathered together such effects as she wished to take with her, in case they took to the boats. But the stranger was there, also, in the narrow, dim passage, and as the young lady came out,

Take good care of your marriage-certificate, She did not reply—handing her shawl to Mr. Kellogg.

Then, as if the catastrophe impending over them drove out all malice and revenge, leaving only his great love to speak for itself, he grasped

only his great love speak.

her hand, crying out.

"Margaret, don't leave me! I will save you.

You shall be safe with me. I am the one to care
for you in an hour like this."

But she drew her hand away, placing it on the

or's arm. Come, I say. You shall be safe with me,

whatever happens."

"Mr. Martinique, I will remain on this vessel when every other soul has deserted her, rather than go with you. I don't wish to be rescued, if it must be by you. Don't persecute me at this time. If you do as I say, I shall remain on the chip."

"But, Margaret, dearest, darling wife, if we are separated now it may be forever. One may perish, the other live. Or we may be taken up by ships sailing to ports on opposite sides of the world."

"Pray heaven we may."

"I did not mean that," quickly correcting himself, seeing the mistake he had made. "Of course we shall both take the same boat; that I am resolved on. But why not, Margaret, in this awful hour, forgive the deception I was guilty of, in view of the love which prompted it? Why longer fly from me, whose wife you are, who am kept miserable by your conduct? I will make you happy. All that you ask shall be yours. We will live where you say, do what you wish. Come, put an end to this farce; acknowledge yourself my wife, and all that man can do to save you shall be done; and if you must perish, I shall share your fate. You will at least tie in your husband's arms—not in those of an adventurer, who is amusing himself with your ignorance of the world," and with a contemptations glance at the actor he again seized her about attenting to draw her along to his your ignorance of the world," and with a contemptuous glance at the actor he again seized her hand, attempting to draw her along to his side, to the upper cabin, where dinner was being placed upon the table.

"Mr. Martinique, you ought to know my temper by this time. I don't dread fire itself as I do you. The waters of the ocean are no colder or more frightful than those of the river into which you once pursued me. As I say, even this bed

ou once pursued me. As I say, even this bed f fire beneath us is less hateful than to be forced into companionship with a man like you. I never will submit to the chain you so meanly never will submit to the chain you so meanly forged. I know, now, what my rights are, and I am no longer afraid of you, as I have been here-tofore. If you wish to escape exposure, and the scorn of all who know you and me, let me alone. Never speak to me again. Of all things, in this solemn hour, do not bring forward your hated personalities to annoy and discompose me. If we must die, let us be as calm as our human natures will permit. In view of death, I forgive you; but, living or dying, I will not blend my fate with yours."

wrenching her hand from his flerce grasp, she motioned Kellogg to go first to the stairway. She would not trust him to go up with that other man pressing on from behind. She knew that Martinique went always armed. As the three came into the cabin, no one noticed their three came into the cabin, no one noticed their excitement, as each had enough to do to think of his own affairs, or of those dearest to them. Kellogg had said nothing, but his resolve had been made from the first. He now led Margaret to her usual seat at the table. The captain was already there, and very grave and somewhat pale he looked, as he glanced anxiously down the rows of blanched faces, which had been at head faces to smilling. akfast so smiling.

breakfast so smiling.

"It is clouding up, and the wind is rising. I was hoping we should have a moonlight night. But I feel a storm coming. My friends, I see you have no appetites, but I beg of you eat—while you may."

while you may."
"How about the fire?" inquired Matthews, en-"How about the hre?" Inquired Matthews, endeavoring to speak firmly.

"It gains," was the abrupt reply; then, as a spell seemed to settle on the motionless company, he added, almost angrily, "But there is plenty of time in which to do justice to your dinners, and I repeat that you had better prepare yourselves for what may come. And now, excuse me," and taking a piece of bread and meat in his hand, he returned to his post.

That was a solumi feast—a banquet, in truth,

to Mrs. Matthews' arm; "now I care not how soon it is ended. I am more eager for it to end than I was for it to continue."

"It will end soon enough—too soon," said Mr. Kellogg, who had come up to them; and, taking a hand of each, he said, in a low tone: "The ship is on fire!"

Margaret could hardly have been whiter than she was before; she trembled more, and, clinging to the hand he had given her, asked:

"You will let me die with you, will you not?"

Both looked into the glassy, foaming ocean, and shuddered; they were young, and life was sweet, if only they could have it as they wished it; but Mrs. Matthews, moaning, and about to rush about frantically, to spread a dangerous alarm, had to be held in check by Mr. Kellogg, who said:

"You husband will be here in a moment, madaum. There is no immediate danger. The fire is in the hold, and the captain does not emake land. Should this calm weather continue, there will be less danger; and, meantime, should the worst be unavoidable, we may fall in with a vessel, we are so near the end of our voyage. There are many avenues of hope open, and beofficers have abundance of time to man and provision the boats; but even then we can hardly fall of them for the rescue of all. The wintry weather is against us, if obliged to take to open boats; but even then we can hardly fall of them for the rescue of all. The wintry weather is against us, if obliged to take to open boats; but even then we can hardly fall of them for the rescue of all. The wintry weather is against us, if obliged to take to open boats; but even then we can hardly fall of being soon picked up, lying off the coast of Ireland as we do. It will at least be eyeveral hours before the fire can master the ship."

The manager of the theatrical troup now came up, and joined the group. Other gentlemen began to whisper the terrible story to white-faced lady-passengers. There was no great outery, after a few lifts sereaus of terror or surprise. All the ladies went quickly to their state-rooms, and provided themselves with

about her.

As the captain had predicted, a storm was coming on. Soon all realized the fact in the increased roughness of the motion, and the suddenness with which twilight came down, almost before they had left the table. Many went out, to strain their eyes looking for vessels which might cross their path, but the look-out could give them no tidings of any; and the wind rose higher, the clouds grew thicker, and night—oh, what a night!—closed in about the doomed ship.

CHAPTER XVIII. DRIFTING, WHO KNOWS WHERE?

THE long hours of suspense and mental anguish wore on until midnight. By that time the crisis of horror had arrived. The throbbing of the engine had ceased—the fire having eaten its way around the machinery, until the men were obliged to abandon it. The dull noise of the pumps still continued, although the wearied and hopeless crew no longer worked with energy. There should have been a moon, but the clouds were so dense that her light was dim indeed; the wind blew and shrieked about the helpless ship, as if in demoniac exultation at the

indeed; the wind blew and shrieked about the helpless ship, as if in demoniac exultation at the dilemma; fortunately no rain fell.

The passengers were now all huddled on the decks in the after-part of the boat, for thin curls and jets of flame began to play about the forward part, and to burst out around the smokestack. The women and children were wrapped in warm garments, and hot coffee had been handed about an hour or two previous.

"Now, my friends," said the captain, appearing in their midst, as a fiery column suddenly darted up high above the pipes, "God save us all! We must abandon the ship. No confusion now! Obey orders, and I believe you all may be saved."

There was not a shriek—scarcely a murmur. He placed the boats under command of the different officers, and the difficult task of getting the passengers into them commenced—difficult on account of the high running sea. The consumptive was first carefully lowered, and safely placed, with as many blankets as it was possible to allow him; his wife followed; the children and ladies who seemed most delicate, as it was proposed not to load this boat to excess, since there would be room for all; and the doctor, with medicine in his pockets, and brandy-flasks also, was to complete the complement. Something between a groan and a shout burst from the little crowd on board the burning ship, as the first boat pushed off. Where, oh, where, would these and those, made friends by companionship in danger, meet again? Certainly, some of them, never in this world.

Boat after boat was filled, without an accident, and put away from the vessel—pale faces turning back, and looking paler in the red light, which now crimsoned the waves; and still one little group about the captain remained unbroken—Margaret and her two lovers. Mr. and Mrs. Matthews were lowered into the captain's boat; There was not a shriek—scarcely a murmur

Margaret and her two lovers. Mr. an Matthews were lowered into the captain's boat; Margaret was the last woman on the ship. "Now, my brave girl," said the captain,

She gave her hand to Kellogg, but as he was about to lift her in his arms, with the rope about her waist, she held back, bidding him go first into the boat.

"Let me see you safely in," he said.
"No, no, I will not leave you behind. Something may happen. Go first, and receive me as I am handed down."
"For God's sake, lose no time!" cried the cap-

tain, as a blast of wind shook and tossed the frail boat, and the flames, as if in revenge for being so long suppressed, leaped and roared, and a hot breath from them nearly suffocated those

still on the ship.

"Go!" commanded Margaret; and Kellogg,

"Go!" commanded Margaret; climbed down, "Go!" commanded Margaret; and Kellogg, seeing that delay was dangerous, climbed down, and stood, balancing himself, ready to receive her, as she was now handed down by strong arms. There had been an expression on the senor's face, which warned her to be sure of the actor's safety before she secured her own; and for this reason she had insisted on Kellogg's depart. for this reason she man insisted on kenogs at ex-scending first. The senor, standing by the cap-tain's side, his dark, unquiet face lit up by the glaring flames, watching every movement of his rival, had a stealthy and dangerous expression, which Margaret did not like. Now, as Kellogg obeyed her—going first into the boat—he was evidently frustrated in some hastily-laid plan.

"Now," said the captain to his last remaining passenger, turning himself to see that all the crew and officers were in their places. The last passenger, turning himself to see that all the crew and officers were in their places. The last men were in the boats, only those two on board. Martinique fastened the rope about his waist. At that moment a furious gust of wind swept down, as if from overhead, whirling the smoke and sparks about these two, so as, for a moment, to blind and strangle them. When it cleared up a little, they saw that the same gust had driven the captain's boat a dozen yards away; but one of the other boats was holding to close alongside—her officer shouting to them to drop aboard her. Martinique lowered himself by his rope, but whether the smoke confused him, rendering him partly unconscious, or what happened in that moment of excitement, no one thereafter could correctly state; but he missed the arms which were reached for him, let go his rope too soon, and was swept off on a long, foam-crested wave, which heaved and tossed the egg-shell boat, so that the captain also, more fortunate in having his rope better secured, swung five minutes over the threatening water, before he could be reached.

"Will you let the man drown!" he shouted,

oe reached.

"Will you let the man drown!" he shouted, so soon as his feet touched the boat; and instanty he had an oar in his hand, and the men rowed the boat.

ly he had an oar in his hand, and the men rowed after the long-running wave, from which the dark face had now disappeared. It was folly to hope to save the unfortunate passenger. The boats were scarcely under con-trol; the best that could be done was to keep when he attempted to come alongside his own boat, which was without an officer. To effect an exchange now was simply impossible; he must remain where he was.

own life to save him, had there been anything she could do; but she could only strain her eyes to watch, while the boats beat about the ship in a fruitless effort to rescue him; and when the captain came near enough to answer the cry, which Kellogg raised to know if the passenger had drowned, with that hoarse "Yes!" the long strain upon her sensibilities loosened; she felt something break in her breast, like the snapping of a harp-string, and quietly slid into uncon

When she revived, the leading lady was hold-

sciousness.

When she revived, the leading lady was holding a bottle of smelling-salts to her nostrils; she sat up, and looked about her, with a shudder.

"He may be the most fortunate of any of us," said Kellegg, who was rubbing her cold hands, as he met her wandering glance. "His death was sudden, at least, and without much suffering. Who knows what we may have to endure before death relieves us?"

As he spoke, her glance took in the situation. The captain had advised all the crews to keep their boats as close to the ship as possible, at least for the night, as her light might attract some vessel to the spot, which would rescue them from the open boats; but of the three other boats, not one was in sight—and their own was half a mile from the glowing, flaming mass of fire, whose lurid beacon burned in vain, since there were no friendly eyes of other more fortunate ships to see the red banner of distress.

The wind now blew steadily, but heavily, forcing the little boat before it in spite of all efforts to keep her in sight of the ship. It was not bitterly cold, though quite sufficiently so, especially as the wind cut off the crest of foam from the waves and drove it over their garments and into their faces like fine rain.

"I am not sure but Mr. Martinique was really the most fortunate, as you say," remarked Margaret, as the sullen dawn came late, revealing to anxious eyes only a waste of gray rolling waters, up whose mountains and down whose vallevs the

anxious eyes only a waste of gray rolling waters, up whose mountains and down whose valleys the small boat pitched and struggled and slipped.

"You are chilled, and tired, and hungry, my darling. Would to Heaven I could bear your hardships as well as my own," returned Kellogg, against whose shoulder she had been leaning.

I have more endurance than you will be lieve," she said, forcing a smile. "This is nothing. If only we come in sight of a sail to-day all will be well."

All's well that ends well," quoted the leading lady, "even a shipwreck, I suppose. But I do wish we had a hot brick at which to toast our toes. When will it be time to serve out ra-

"At seven o'clock," said Kellogg, looking at his watch; "it is now half-past six." In the absence of any of the ship's officers, Kellogg, at the solicitation of the others, had taken command of the life-boat. His was one of those leading spirits which men will obey to

At seven o'clock he gave out the breakfast, At seven o'clock he gave out the breakfast, consisting of biscuit, a piece of corned beef, and a drink of brandy and water; for a short time after it had been eaten, the crew was disposed to be hopeful, even cheerful; but as the hours wore on, the cold, more than anything else, made them silent and despondent.

Margaret fell asleep, resting against her lover, who would gladly have kept her thus until the sad voyage came to an end, in rescue or death; but her sleep was disturbed, and of no great length, she starting out of it with the cry, "Save him!"

him! save him!"

him! save him!"

After the noon rations, Kellogg proposed that they should while away the time by repeating parts of some play. The weary, dreary voyagers begged them to do so, and the tired girl roused herself to a new energy, as she went through the "Merchant of Venice" with Kellogg, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, and three other actors who were of the company. The part of Portia she had committed to memory as she had that of Juliet, and, under the inspiration of the

Portia she had committed to memory as she had that of Juliet, and, under the inspiration of the part, she almost forgot, for an hour, the curious circumstances which surrounded them, the frowning sky, the lonely ocean.

"I fear this will be 'our last appearance upon any stage," she said, with a wan smile, when the little diversion had ended, pointing to the sum, already dipping in the sea, visible for the first time that day, only to remind them that he was going to leave them to another long night of peril and suffering.

Cold and fatigue were already telling frightfully on the small band.

"I will give them freely of what there is," Kellogg resolved, as he dealt out the supper, with a liberal supply of brandy: "we cannot long endure the exposure. If we are not picked up soon, we shall die of cold. The liquor may save us, until we fall in with some ship. Otherwise, the sooner the better," grimly.

There was no compass to guide them, and now that the stay was down the clouds hid the stars.

There was no compass to guide them, and now that the sun was down, the clouds hid the star as if purposely to confuse and fill them with d pair; but upon a calculation of the direction in which the wind was blowing them, Kellogg and others believed that they were driving on to-ward the shores of Treland. But the wind ward the shores of Ireland. But the wind might veer at any moment, and they have no means of knowing it until the sun rose again. It was clear that they were at the mercy of the elements, and that their salvation depended upon the slender chance of their being picked up; yet they had gone one whole day without sight of a sail—and if one day, how many more as fruitless might follow?

For three hours Kellogg took his turn at the oar; then, instead of endeavoring to snatch what

For three hours Kellogg took his turn at the oar; then, instead of endeavoring to snatch what rest he could, he drew Margaret close, close to his breast, chafing her cold hands, and making a shield of his body to keep the wind from her.

"If we could fall asleep thus, and awake in heaven, without further suffering, I should be quite willing to go," she whispered.

"I shall fight for your life and mine," he answered; "fight, inch by inch, the cruel destroyer. We are so young, and so full of love, my darling, and so ambitious. It is not the season to talk of death. We have so much to accomplish; our work is hardly begun. And so much to enjoy, sweetest Margaret—think of that. Remember that he who has so tormented you will trouble you no more—that you have the blessed right, now, to be loved, to be happy. Remember what I look forward to, soon—to calling you my wife—and let it make you strong and resolved not to give up until help comes."

"I am happy, whether I live or die," she murmured; but the pext moment she started, and he felt a shiver run through her frame.

"If I die," she said, when he asked her what was the matter, "I hope I shall not meet him. Do you know, I feel as if he had cursed me in his dying moments; as if, living or dead, he had power to thwart every plan I may make for happiness! Oh, will he never give over this hold which he has upon me? I can't feel that he is really dead. Perhaps they rescued him."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 851.)

BOYS, TAKE WARNING!-Of all the evils which pose in the start is one that entails most serious pose in the start is one that entails most serious disaster in its results. How it affects your future, to have no settled calling or purpose when you step into manhood, is most vividly portrayed by the philanthropic and truly great, but unfortunate and unhappy, Robert Dale Owen, who, in his Memoirs, says: "I committed one fatal error in my youth, and dearly have I abided it. I started in life without an object, even without an ambition. My temperament disposed me to an ambition. My temperament disposed me to ease, and to the full I indulged the disposition. I said to myself: 'I have all that I see others contending for; why should I struggle?' I knew not the curse that lights on those who have never to struggle for anything. Had I created for anything that I created for anything there is continuous. er to struggle for anything. Had I created for myself a definite pursuit—literary, scientific, artistic, social, political, no matter what, so there was something to labor for and to overcome—I might have been happy. I feel this now—too late! The power is gone. Habits have become an exchange now was simply impossible; he must remain where he was.

The bright glare of the fire had revealed the mount remain where he was.

The bright glare of the fire had revealed the must remain where he was.

The bright glare of the fire had revealed the whole frightful scene to Margaret, who clasped her hands and pressed her lips more tightly together, as she saw the man who so long persecuted her, and blasted her life, swept off on the cuted her, and blasted her life, who calsed her life, and cuted her life, who calsed her life, an

THE LAND OF BLISSFUL REST.

BY FELIX BROWNE.

'Far away in the golden, unknown West,
Full many a league, all 'Westward, ho,'
Lies the lonely isle of Blissful Rest,
From whose dream, shores few come and go.
Few come and go from the dreamy shores—
Few sail on that turkois sea;
No wild winds blow, no fierce storm roars,
Here is rest, here is peace, 'saith he.

"So lieth the isle of Blissful Rest, Under sk es of purple and gold, Far down in the dim and distant West, In the glow of the sunset a fold.

Here the soul falls asleep, entranced by the spell,
The invisible sea- ods have flung o'er the land,
Nor motion is heard save the murmuring swell
Of miniature waves on the silvery strand.
Here is rest, here is peace, the hollow, false world,
Like a glimmering phantom, hath faded from

sight,
And new life, like a ship with its white wings unfurled, Bounds out o'er the waters all free in its might.

"So lieth the isle of Blissful Rest, Far away in this mystic sea, Many leagues in the golden, unknown West, Shall we visit that land?" quoth he.

I raised mine eyes, the sobbing roar
Of perilous wintry seas I heard,
And booming breakers on the shore—
My mind with bitter fancies stirred.
'Can a soul, 'I cried, "on this isle forget,
The loss of a love that was never mine?
Can you kill in this heart the demon Regret?
Whose song is 'she might have been thine.'

On this mystical isle can memory die? Can an echoing voice be stilled?
Can the soul at rest in oblivion lie?
Ah, can u* speak! thou art skilled.

All this on the isle far in the West! Yes, all that the mind may crave! But kn w, the land of Blissful Rest We find in a quiet grave.

Madman at the Wheel.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

THE first mate of the ship Warrior was a Spanrd—a tall, thin man, with wild, dark eyes, long, fish locks of black hair, and a ghastly, haggard

He was much disliked by the men, because his usual behavior toward them was more like that of some maddened brute than of a human be-

The vessel, homeward bound to New York, from Canton, was, one evening, bowling along under fullsail, within twenty miles of the Strait

under full sail, within twenty miles of the Strait of Corea, through which she was to pass into the Japan Sea, it being her captain's intention to touch at Mikao, on the Island of Niphon, ere standing for the Pacific Ocean, when the Spanish mate gave way to a fit of the most ungovernable rage, and frothing at the mouth, with his eyeballs glaring like a tiger's, rushed amongst the men, aiming blows at them with a handspike.

It was well known that such conduct as stated, very common on Cardo's part, was the result of his being half-crazed by the use of opium. The captain had remonstrated with him, both as regarded his bad habit of partaking of the drug, and his violence toward the hands; but when fifteen of the crew, headed by an old sailor named Ben Wright, now came aft and complained of the way they were treated by the mate, the skipper was enraged.

the way they were treated by the mate, the skipper was enraged.

Snatching an iron marline-spike from the rail, he ordered them all to go forward, and to never speak to him again on the subject. As neither the old sailor nor his shipmates moved, he was about to hurl the spike amongst them, when his pretty daughter, Selina Warren, who was on deck, interposed.

"No, no, father," she cried, "no need of that. They will go without that!"

As she spoke she looked pleadingly at Ben Wright.

All the sailors liked and respected the young girl, who had persuaded her father to give them many a watch below, and even to sometimes send them a few such delicacies as were enjoyed at the cabin table.

send them a few such delicacies as were enjoyed at the cabin table.

Without another word, Ben now walked forward, followed by his companions.

Captain Warren said he would have no more such work. He at once ordered every man—the cook and helmsman included—into the forecastle without supper, and, after he had fastened the scuttle above them, he told them they should not come up, nor have food, until they were ready to promise that they would never complain to him again. The Spanish mate, who had offered to steer, then took his place at the whoel

Discipline must be maintained—ch, Walford?' said the captain, to a passenger who stood near Selina; a fine-looking young man of twenty-eight, who had been a midshipman in his

"Discipline should be maintained, as you say," answered Walford, "but no such treatment of sailors as that pursued by your mate, would be permitted aboard a man-of-war."

Selina raised her soft, brown eyes approvingly toward the specific permoth would be selected by the second to be second.

toward the speaker, her smooth, round cheeks glowing, as she met his look of admiration.
Cardo shot a glance of hatred at the young couple. He knew they were engaged before the vessel left Canton—that all his efforts to win

the vessel left Canton—thavair...
the girl's favor had been in vain.
"They shall never be man and wife!" he muttered to himself. "No, never!"

"They shall never be that any words, sir," continued Walford, to the skipper, "you will be sorry you shut your men up, below. A sea captain, of all others, should guard against a hasty temper, which has been the cause of the loss of many a fine ship," "No danger at all. I shall leave instructions with my second and third officers, who will remain on deck with Cardo, to call the hands at the slightest threatening of squally weather."

The shadows of night were gathering fast. Under everything she could carry, the ship was bowling along toward the Straits, with the foam flying about her bows.

The captain and his daughter went below at nine o'clock.

Walford, who had been up all of the previous night, writing out some accounts of the Canton night, writing out some accounts of the Canton night, writing out some accounts of the Canton nearly a point, she cleared the outermost rock against the rail.

The mate, getting on the chest, contrived to disengage his pistol-arm from Walford's grasp, and he was about firing, when, by a quick, powerful push, the young passenger sent him over backward across the rail, head foremost, into the sea.

Then a cry of dismay escaped him, for the ship, which had fallen off a little when Cardo left the helm, was now less than fifty fathoms from the "heart" of the breakers, the foam and spray of which looked as if it was flying up under her very bows.

As quick as a flash, Walford, springing to the helm, put it down.

Slowly the ship answered it, and luffing up nearly a point, she cleared the outermost rock

night, writing out some accounts of the Canton firm of which he was a member, remained on deck, determined to keep awake if possible.

The moon was now shining, revealing to the young man the dim shores of the island of Kinstin about eight miles distant off the lee how young man the diffusiones of the Island of Kinsin, about eight miles distant, off the lee bow. Gradually, as he stood watching the land, a feeling of drowsiness crept over him. Unable to resist it, he sat down on the carpenter's chest, near the lee-rail, and fell asleep.

Suddenly he was awakened by a loud, roaring He opened his eyes, to feel a dash of cold spray

against his face.

The first person on whom his gaze fell was Cardo, the mate, still standing at the wheel.

The light from a lantern in the mizzen rig-

ging, shining full on the officer's face, revealed an expression there so fierce, so demoniacal and triumphant that Walford was startled.

The wild, glaring eyes of the man were directed ahead of him, as he steered the vessel.

Looking in the same direction, the passenger was horrified to perceive that the ship was being headed straight toward a mass of black, towering rocks near the shore of the isle of Kinsin!

The wind was now blowing almost a gale, and no sail having been taken in, the craft was speeding along, almost on her beam-ends, with terrific velocity toward those rugged masses—the very jaws of destruction—over which the spray was swept and whirled in long, white drifts, while the thundering of the breakers there was like the continuous booming of cannot.

non.

By the light of the moon the rocks did not appear to be more than a league distant, although they were perhaps a couple of miles further from

the craft.

At her present rate of speed the Warrior would be dashed upon them in a very short to a peasant girl, and a hundred to one will glide into refinement before the make a bow without upsetting the table

time—probably in about ten minutes—when no earthly power could save her unfortunate occu-

Riven into a hundred pieces, the vessel would launch all aboard of her into the wild, whirling waters and suffocating, blinding masses o spray, whence the stoutest swimmer could not hope to

Rascal! What means this?" cried Walford,

As he spoke, he made an effort to spring up, when, to his surprise, he discovered, for the first time, that he had been lashed, by several stout ropes, to some spars under the rail.

His hands being free, he felt in his pocket for his knife. but it was not there; it had been ab-

stracte t.

He then endeavored to turn, hoping he might succeed in unfastening the lashings; but the ropes were too short to admit of his twisting himself

were too short to admit of his twisting himself far enough around to reach the knots.

"Ho! ho!" cried Cardo, fiercely, now looking toward him. "I might have killed you while you were asleep; but I preferred to fasten you there, that I might enjoy your sufferings if you waked before the ship struck. This vessel and all aboard are doomed! All are my enemies—I hate all—but you and Selina, especially. You shall never be man and wife! No, never! The spray of the breakers shall be your shroud! All shall be food for fishes. I, too, will perish with the rest. Be it so—since I shall triumph!"

The wild eyes of the madman glared like a panther's; his long hair streaming back on the wind, and the red light playing on his ghastly face, gave to him an almost unearthly appearance.

ance.
Walford shuddered, and looked vainly around him for the second and third mates, who were on deck before he fell asleep.
"Where are the other two officers?" he inquired of Cardo.
"Under the sea," answered the latter, with a hoarse laugh. "It was well done. They were sitting on the rail to leeward. A quick spring—a push at them with each of my hands—sent them headforemost into the water. Then I them headforemost into the water. Then I lashed you, padlocked the iron grating before the cabin door, and this made me master of the

deck."
Walford directed his gaze toward the breakers. There they were, now less than two miles off. In five minutes the ship would strike.
Humming and roaring, with quivering timbers, on she sped toward her doom!
What was to be done?

What was to be done?

The inmates of the cabin were probably asleep, and even if they were not, they would not hear what he said, above the loud roaring of the wind and sea, should he call to them. But, even if they should, it would avail nothing, as before they could succeed in beating down that iron grating over the door, the ship would strike on the rocks.

It was a terrible situation for Walford—to be compelled to sit, powerless, there on the chest and see the mate heading to her destruction that ship, which, with the others who now seemed doomed inevitably to perish, contained Selina Warren, the girl whom he had intended to make his wife.

Vainly he endeavored to change the horrid resolution of the helmsman. The latter turned a deaf ear to his exhortations, and would not alter the vessel's course.

Nearer to the breakers every moment! Near-

Now they seemed scarcely a mile ahead. The mate peered at them exultingly. A greenish luster seemed to shine in his round eyes. He clinched his teeth and smiled horribly.

All at once a happy thought occurred to Walford

The carpenter's chest!

The contained many tools. If it was not locked, he could rise far enough from the lid to lift the latter, when he could slip his hand under and draw forth a hatchet or other implement, with which he might sever the ropes tied to be the country of the ropes are the ropes to the ropes.

The Spaniard had either not thought of this when he fastened the young man to the spars or else he had ascertained that the chest was locked.

Cautiously rising a little, Walford tried the lid. To his joy it yielded; it was not fastened. He thrust his hand in, and it came in contact with a drawing-knife, the only tool he could succeed in crossing. eed in grasping.

He pulled it out, noiselessly letting down the

cover of the chest, and, in a few seconds, he had severed, unobserved by Cardo, whose gaze was steadily fixed on the breakers, the cords attached

But now his heart almost sunk within him as he beheld the rocks and the white water scarcely half a mile ahead! the craft?

He was determined, at all events, to lose no

the was determined, at an events, to lose no time in the attempt.

He sprung up, intending to leap on the Spaniard, deal him a blow that would knock him senseless, and seize the helm.

But he had scarcely regained his feet, when Cardo, turning, beheld him, and at once, from his look, comprehended his intention.

With a tigen-like well spatching a revelver. With a tiger-like yell, snatching a revolver from his breast-pocket, he aimed it at the young

man's nead.

The sharp crack of the weapon followed, but a plunge of the craft had made Cardo's aim unsteady and thus saved Walford's life, for the

He sprung at the mate and grappled with him, the Spaniard endeavoring to discharge at him another barrel of the revolver.

nearly a point, she cleared the outermost rock of the breakers by a hair's breadth, her counter almost grazing one of the rugged masses, ere she passed into the clear water near the straits beyond!
Walford then left the wheel long enough to
Walford then left the cabin-door grating, unlock the padlock of the cabin-door grating, which had the key in it, and to call to the cap

tain. The latter was soon on deck, to learn what had

The latter was soon of deca, to learn what had happened.

He released his men, and backing the fore-topsail, lowered a boat to look for the mate.

But the latter was never seen again.

When the boat's crew returned, three cheers were given for Walford, who had so gallantly saved the ship and the lives of all aboard. Selina, who had been proudly watching her lover, then said to her parent: "Had you taken Walford's advice, father, this would not have happened."

"Ay, ay, child, I know it. Walford was right. A sea-captain, of all others, should guard against a hasty temper. My making prisoners of my men nearly cost me my vessel and all our lives!"

THE Two SEXES.—There is always something The Two Sexes.—There is always something of nature's own gentility in all young women (except, indeed, when they get together and fall a-giggling.) It shames us men to see how much somer they are polished into conventional shape than our rough masculine angels. A vulgar boy requires heaven knows what assiduity to move three steps. I do not say like a gentleman, but like a boy with a soul in him; but give the least advantage of society or tuition to a peasant girl, and a hundred to one but she will glide into refinement before the boy can



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A Rival of "Overland Kit."-We shall soon put a new Star to the front in the field of Life, Character and Adventure in the Territories-that wild West where "civilization" assumes strange and startling phases. The new romance is centered, for its locale, in and around Dead Wood City, in the heart of the Black Hills country, where now are gathered some of the wildest of spirits and most adventurous of men.

In its deeply-exciting story and vivid portrayal of life in that region, readers have A NEW SENSA-TION that will arouse attention and create great curiosity as to the identity of authorship.

Pleasant Features.-In this issue we give the first of a series of "Stories of Chivalry," by T. C. Harbaugh, that, as brief historic romances, will be a pleasant feature of the season. Nothing better advises the reader of the real life and personages of other days than this kind of reading, which

is equally entertaining and informing.

In "Tales of the Indies," of which we already have presented several, the far East has such a lifelike presentation as makes one see it as it is-almost as good as reading a book of travels. Like the above-announced series, the sketches are enter taining and instructive.

A very pleasant group of stories—the Romance of Pullman Car-are in hand for early use. A Pullman Palace Car is detained, on the overland trip, by an accident, in a wild place, and, to while away the time, its passengers each tell a story that is, in truth, well worth the telling. Our readers will very much enjoy them.

Sunshine Papers.

Omnium-gatherum.

Omnium-gatherum.

"A MISCELLANEOUS collection of things or persons; a confused mixture; a medley." Thus encouragingly Webster defines that rule-defying word; a word like the Englishman's favorite beverage of "alf and 'alf." Think of using grave Latin, and then mocking that ancient and hallowed language by suffixing an irreverent Anglo-Saxon um to Anglo-Saxon gather, and jumbling the two together! I'm not sure that I could have found it in my heart to have spoken in such indecorous and macaronic phraseology had I consulted Webster before making the remark, of a certain old book-case, that it was a regular omnium-gatherum.

"Omnium-gatherum?" repeated some one, with innocent, inquiring gaze. But some people have a faculty for looking just sweetly ignorant and innocent, when they are mentally criticizing you at the rate of a page of dictionary a minute.

I flow to the "Unabridged" There it was

minute.

I flew to the "Unabridged." There it was.
"Yes, a regular omnium-gatherum," said I.
"Why not?"
"Why, I'm sure I don't know why not," said

some one, mildly.

I wanted to say something; but I kept calm, and returned with a sigh to the book-case. We and returned with a sign to the book-case. We had decided it should be sent to the auction-room. It had long been a disgrace to the house. And now that we had a handsome new one, quite well filled with favorite volumes, we resolved the old one should be dismantled of its contents, and sent adrift. It might bring five dollars; that would purchase two new books we were very would purchase two new books we were wanting. Once we had been offered ten for it; but that was some years ago, and we had always regarded our refusal to sell it at that time as an awful mistake in the way of financial policy. Certainly, we should not get that amount for it now.

awful mistake in the way of mancial policy. Certainly, we should not get that amount for it now.

"What a disreputable-looking piece of furniture it is," thought I, as I sat me down before it. It loomed from the floor nearly to the ceiling; and no doubt the time had been when it was the pride of our ancestors' eyes. Now the mahogany veneering was chipped off in many places, and burned and blistered in others. Sundry bits of beading and ornaments were lost; most of the locks had long defied the utmost skill and patience to secure them, and all about were scratches and bruises where extraneous matter—ofttimes, doubtless, little feet—had come in rough contact with it. The upper doors, of glass, swung partly open—they never would keep shut—and through them stared the titles of the books; for we had long since ceased to spend money for silk to tack within them; though, even within our memory, many sets of curtains, rich in hue and material, had hung in graceful folds behind the glass. But who could be expected to expend much care upon an article that had so long been old-fashioned, and consigned to the family room as an omnium-gatherum of family conveniences?

First were the books—four shelves full—to he

ticle that had so long been old-fashioned, and consigned to the family room as an omnium-gatherum of family conveniences?

First were the books—four shelves full—to be disposed of. About ten favorite novels, some of Washington Irving's works, a few standard poetical works, and some volumes of essays and history, were consigned to the new book-case. Still the diminution had not been great, and enough books were discovered, on the shelves back of the outer rooms, to supply all vacant places. There were catalogues, reports, bound magazines, medical works, odd volumes of essays and quotations, school books, and a perfect medley of miscellaneous literature. Could not these be sold for old paper? No! Every book that we selected, to lay aside, was finally retained for some good and sufficient reason. A most troubled feeling commenced to lay hold upon us. It was evident we could not part with the books; what should we do with them? The bindings were mostly worn, torn, and faded, and would look out of place among the new books in the new book case. To be sure they might be rebound; but that would not obviate the further difficulty of the other case being sufficiently large to hold but a dozen or two more volumes.

With a sigh we unlocked the central portion of the troublesome piece of furniture. There were three drawers, twelve pigeon-holes, and some racks, all full of receipts, mortgages, insurance policies, bills, statements, cards, addresses, bank vouchers, business letters, private letters, catalogues, and a hetero reneous mass of papers

bank vouchers, business letters, private letters, catalogues, and a heteroreneous mass of papers and treasures, that was appalling! But few of them could be destroyed, and where should we have the rest?

With gloomy faces we closed the secretaire,

various little articles of general use. There were inkstands of various patterns, and bottles of ink of various makers. The varnish for Emma's leaves, boxes of pens, of stamps, of toothpicks, leaves, boxes of pens, of stamps, of toothpicks, of pencils, of fancy paper and envelopes, and games. There were Mollie's tatting, some fancy neckties waiting to be cleaned, some odd rolls of ribbon and lace. There were papers and envelopes of all sizes and kinds, post-office guides, blank-books, magazines, clippings for scrap-books, unanswered letters, paper-cutters, ink-erasers, blotting-pads, pen-wipers, etc., ad infinitum. We didn't even try to touch this compartment, but passed hurriedly to the inclosed shelves beneath.

There were the children's scrap-books, the baby's box of playthings, Emma's boxes of assorted autumn leaves, boxes of puzzles, portfolios, packs of cards and cribbage-board, boxes of buttons, sewing-silks, materials for wax flowers, work-baskets, some small locked desks of long-cherished mementoes—not to mention several dozen other articles—and actual despair again took possession of our souls!

dozen other articles—and actual despair again took possession of our souls!

"Don't you think we'd better keep the old book-case?" suggested some one, meekly.

"Keep it! of course we will have to keep it!" said I, indignantly; "such a horrid, hateful, battered, old-fashioned thing as it is, too! I wonder if any other family in the country is afflicted by such a bete noir as this old piece of furniture? I wouldn't mind my disappointment so much if it were a matter concerning which a body would ever have any sympathy!"

"My dear," said some one, thoughtfully, after I had thus complainingly delivered myself, "couldn't you put it in next week's Sunshine! I wouldn't wonder if a great many families, like ours, suffer under the possession of an omnium-

ours, suffer under the possession of an omniur gatherum." A Parson's Daughter.

ENJOYMENTS.

What a variety of ways there are in which What a variety of ways there are in which people enjoy themselves! Some people find their enjoyment in the perusal of a good book or interesting paper, and while their attention is thus absorbed they are entirely oblivious as to what the outside world is about. The printed pages have an intensely great charm for them. To cull knowledge is their chief delight. They never weary in following a narrative where the men and women are the heroes—for men and women have enacted, and are still enacting, brave and gallant deeds. Well, this reading is good for them; they are made better by it; they will live for some higher and nobler purpose for it. Books open to us new lives; they prevent us will live for some higher and nobler purpose for it. Books open to us new lives; they prevent us from living too much upon the practical side of life; they make us forget the many cares and troubles which beset us, and time is passed in reading which might be less profitably employed.

There are some who do not take to books and the profit of the pro

There are some who do not take to books and vote periodicals a bore. Give them hunting, fishing, swimming, riding, boating, or sports of any kind and they are happy. Anything to be out in the open air and exercising themselves. Winter never seems dull to them. How can it be, when they have sleighing, coasting and skating to pass away the time? This exercise is healthy, if it is not carried to too great an extent. The enjoyment is harmless and serves to build up the body and invigorate the system. Merry hearts, ruddy faces and strong constitutions are the results of this out-door enjoyment. Don't strive to discourage persons from finding pleasure in the open air, at seasonable times and in appropriate places. Too much staying in the house causes too many visits to the physician and apothecary.

house causes too many visits to the physician and apothecary.

Some persons find their greatest enjoyment in attending to their church duties and in going about doing good. They do not leave their Christianity in their pew, when they leave church, only to be thought of when they visit the edifice again. They take it with them wherever they go and carry it into every act they perform. It makes their own and their neighbors' lives happier, and surely the enjoyment one can have in doing good is hard to estimate the worth of.

of.

Everywhere, all over this earth, millions are doing deeds of kindness, giving of their bounty, stretching forth the helping hand, encouraging the weak and despondent, raising up those who have fallen by the wayside and whispering hope into the ears of those who seemed to have lost all hope. Is it not a beautiful object to reflect upon, these millions of "angels of mercy" honoring and obeying the Golden Rule? Yet there is work enough for millions more. There never can be too many doers of good, because "the poor you have always with you."

Other people take an insane delight in making others miserable and uncomfortable. They make sport of our griefs, ridicule our infirmities, jest upon subjects which we hold sacred, talk scan-

upon subjects which we hold sacred, talk scanupon subjects which we hold sacred, talk scandal about those we love, growl into our ears unpleasant tidings, and enjoy themselves by making us wretched. They are no "angels of mercy"—they more resemble demons of uncharitableness. Their unkind speeches strike us more keenly than would a blow from their hands. How hateful is their presence and how agreeable is their absence! How can they find pleasure in such questionable enjoyment? I never could discover the answer to that riddle, and I fear it is one of those knots that witches

and I fear it is one of those knots that witches are said to tie—hard to loosen.

Some people find enjoyment in quarreling upon each and every occasion, with a cause and without one. This keeps them continually in hot water. I admire Will Carlton's poems, but it would be hard to convince me about the truth of his lines. truth of his lines:

'And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better for having quarreled here."

Because I don't believe we feel any better for having quarreled. I don't think we feel any happier for doing so, in this life, and I do think heaven would lose half its joys were the first person I met on its threshold one with whom I had been angry on earth.

Enjoy yourselves all you can, but let it be in

manner that is rational, healthful and Chris-EVE LAWLESS.

YOU, CIRLS!

GRLS do not always know their power. It is far greater than they think; and, were they true and brave enough to exert it, they might almost in a generation revolutionize society about them. Exert your power for good upon the young men who are privileged to enjoy your society. Gentle and good, be also brave and true. Try to exhibit the ideal of a woman—a pure and a good woman—whose life is mighty as well as beautiful in its maidenly dignity and attractive lovaliness. Do not let it seems that attractive loveliness. Do not let it seem that dress and frivolity constitute your only thoughts; but let the elevation of your character and the usefulness of your life lift up the man that walks by your side. Some of you are in intimate associations, which, under exchanged promises look forward to a pearer and more order. ses, look forward to a nearer and more ing relation. In these hours do nothing to lower, but everything to refine and ennoble each oth-

SLOVENLY GRAMMAR.

It is impossible to make an angel of a young It is impossible to make an angel of a young lady who persistently uses bad grammar. No matter how pretty she may be, or how attractive her outside appearance, all that goes for naught if she says, "Good-mornin" and "Good-evenin!" Suppose she come, like the Queen of Sheba, "with a very great train," and fail to put adjectives after her prepositions, will it not mar the glory of her coming? Seriously, should a woman be called "graceful" who continually stumbles over her final consonants, and says. "Lemme go," "a good consonants, and says, "Lemme go," "a good 'eal," "firs'-rate," "han' me that blottin'-paper?" It's a pleasant thing to hear from the lips of and passed on to the desk, that was free of a cess to all the family. In one side box, was enough cord and twine to keep a grocery supplied for some days; in the opposite one were keys, screws, nails, a screw-driver, gimlet, and

maid half-closes her eyes and murmurs, "If he came for me in a golden chariot I wouldn't have went," you don't feel so comfortable, so negligently at ease, as you were before that last remark of Araminta's. Women should not deceive themselves. The most uncouth, illiterate man knows what elegant and correct English is when he hears it. He may not be able to string three words correctly himself, but he sniffs the harmony of a rounded sentence from afar. It is instinctive. See how workingmen hang upon the words of an orator. Of his meaning they know little or nothing, but the "energy, number and cadence" they catch, and the harmonious sound pleases the ear. ous sound pleases the ear.

Foolscap Papers. Winter Styles.

BOYS.

A Boy this winter will be—a boy, and a good deal of it.

A nox this winter will be—a boy, and a good deal of it.

Boys' pants will be cut this season behind with a cowhide; the style of the cut will be in keeping with the state of the old man's temper, and the exigencies of the occasion, and they will have springs—a good many about that time. They will be devotionally out at the knees, with pockets large enough to carry a junk shop. They will also be ornamented with stripes, which the school-master will put on to suit his taste, in the most improved fashion. An elegant pair of boy's pants can be built out of the old gentleman's old ones, and, if lined with sheet-iron, will last a long time; and the buttons should be riveted on.

Jackets will be made short for convenience sake, as coat-tails are very much in the way. Shingles in the back of the jacket will be worn by school-boys this season. The jacket will have a variety of buttons in front, to suit the taste. A few little grease-spots can be fastened on at ornamental intervals, and a few patches placed neatly here and there will lend an easy grace to the

neatly here and there will lend an easy grace to the garment, which is impossible to conjecture. Imi-tation holes in the elbows will answer well en-

tation holes in the elbows will answer well enough, if real ones cannot be procured handy. The jacket should occasionally be warmed by tanning with a switch.

Collars will be worn, and if any boy is out of them, he can throw a snow-ball through a window, and get collared by a policeman. A boy's clothes will be just exactly warm enough to go out in the snow and play all day, but too thin to run on an errand; and a boy this winter can well refuse to go out and saw wood, because he has no gloves, and still be able to throw snow-balls by the hour. If the man in the sleigh refuses to let a boy ride behind, it will be in style to hit him with a snow-ball on the right side of the head only.

to hit him with a snow-ball on the right side of the head only.

Boys' boots will be made with what is called the winter attachment, which is a pair of skates permanently fixed on them, as there will be no occasion this winter of taking them off at all, unless the ice breaks up. The boys will easily learn to slide—away from home, and it is as good time as any to begin to slide down hill in youth, so they will know how to pursue that avocation with facility in after life, and also learn that pulling up-hill is dreadful hard work, unless you are a high-pressure steam-engine of about fortyhorse power, more or less.

Boys will find it the style to grow a little this winter (provided they play a good deal, and

Boys will find it the style to grow a little this winter (provided they play a good deal, and work but little) and get up out of their old clothes. The paternal parent may make some unseemly remarks because he is getting too big for his clothes, as his sleeves and pants shorten; but all nature is on his side. Boys very often grow up to be men of late, and that is one fashion they should rigidly adhere to. This winter may not be half long enough for any common boy, but then he can lengthen it by staying out late at nights on the ice, to show and learn all the fashionable styles of skating, which will be very desirable.

This winter it will be the fashion for men to try to be—men.

The latest prevailing style in the cut of suits is purely cosmopolitan—that is, you will cut your tailor for them, if you can do so, by any candid, honorable means. If your tailor don't give you fits, you can go back on him, and give him particular fits; or, you can go back on the suit. Every man should be well suited, and the tailor is the man who should suit.

Coats will be worn in all styles. There is the sack coat, if your tailor doesn't make it to fit, or even if the price is too large to fit you, then you have the privilege of sacking him.

A chinchilla overcoat, if you get it this winter, will enable you to "chin" your tailor out of it, though the prevailing style will be to get This winter it will be the fashion for men to

though the prevailing style will be to get our linen duster lined and colored, which will be very economical. A rag carpet made up into the Ulster pattern, with belt, would be something unique. A beaver overcoat will beaver-appropriate if the weather is too cold to fight with your fist—or a club. The coat will be made out of the most costly material—if you are going to charge it. An invention of my own conng to charge it. An invention of my own con-ists of a series of steam-pipes running all around he overcoat, heated by steam from a miniature oiler hid in your boot-leg.

It will be fashionable to have a rag pinned to

It will be fashionable to have a rag pinned to your coat-tail as you go down-street by some artistic boy; the color of the rag will be suitable to your complexion, and it will be cut to suit the taste of the boy who donates it; fancy patterns will be greatly in vogue.

Overcoats will button up tight, so if you have no under coat or yest nobody will know of it.

no under coat, or vest, nobody will know of it but yourself—if that will be of any satisfaction

fine article in hats is the lately patented A nne aracle in nats is the lately patented kind which has a warm brick in it, to answer the same purpose as a warm brick to your feet. They will serve to keep the frost out of the head better than the old kind.

better than the old kind.

If your gloves are old and ragged, and you are very particular, you can buy a new pair and draw them over the old ones and thereby hide their defects. This style will be very unique.

Mittens will be greatly in vogue this season, and if your sweetheart thinks anything of you she will send you one.

In walking on the street the lady's hand will be worn on the left arm, which will make it more warm and comfortable. Another lady's hand on your right arm will just double it.

Overcoats will reach below the knee—if there is getting anyways sleek and threadhare.

hand on your right arm will just double it.

Overcoats will reach below the knee—if the knee is getting anyways sleek and threadbare.

Vests are made reversible this winter, and button close up to the throat, and in consequence of this all the washerwomen find their business has gone by the board, so to speak.

Hair will be parted one degree east of the middle by a pair of compasses, and baldheaded men will not be quite so particular.

Boots which squeak are all the rage now, the shoemakers charging extra for an extra squeak. Slipping up and falling on the sidewalk is done in a graceful way now. When you find you are falling you readjust your neck-tie, wipe off your chin, pull down your vest and go down lightly, to the envy of your own sex and the admiration of somebody else's sex.

An excellent thing for a gentleman's bib at dinner will be an old apron tied around the neck with figured silk ribbons.

The styles of boot-jacks are various, embroid-

The styles of boot-jacks are various, embroidered ones being the rage, however, with spring seat and stuffed in the back. On real cold days hats will be pulled down completely over the ears to protect them, and as you go along a handkerchief rolled up and tied over your eyes will greatly protect them from the cold.

A calico overcoat is very cheap and nobby.

Don't attempt to wrap yourself up this winter in yeur self-importance, for you will be in great danger of freezing to death. great danger of freezing to death.

If the weather gets its back up and gets too cold for human endurance, you can wear your wife's cloak, which will be very neat, and you can prevent your nose from freezing by carry-

ing it under your arm.
Yours, for style,
Washington Whitehorn.

Topics of the Time.

THERE is a considerable commerce in toads between France and England. A toad of good size, and in fair condition, will fetch about twenty-five cents in the London market, and a dozen of the extra quality are worth five dollars. Market gardeners employ them to keep down insects. down insects.

down insects.

—Why should the miners who have had such bad luck in the Black Hills go to the Hig Horn or the Little Horn? A beautiful gold mine has been discovered at East Middlebury, Vt. The average is only \$10 to the ton, to be sure, but there is excellent trout-fishing close by. There are in the Green Mountains Yankee maidens with high-cheek-bones and enormous appetites, but there are no Indians. A miner's scalp will be perfectly safe there.

—The first time that Gen. Custer set his hand-

but there are no Indians. A miner's scalp will be perfectly safe there.

—The first time that Gen. Custer set his handsome eyes upon his future wife was when he was fifteen years old, and going to school in Monroe, Mich. Going along the street one day, the rough, flaxen-headed, freckle-faced boy passed a little black-eyed, eight-year-old girl swinging on agate. She was a pretty little creature, herfather's pet, an only child, and naturally spoiled. She said archly, her little face dimpling with smiles: 'Hello!' you Custer boy!" Then, frightened at her own temerity, turned and fled into the house. It was love at first sight with the wild young savage of fifteeu, and he then and there vowed that some day that small girl should be his wife. And so 'she was, but only after many lovers' woes; for Judge Bacon, pretty Lizzie's father, was for a long time obdurate toward the young man who he feared was fickle and unstable, and his daughter and her suitor submitted most patiently to his will until at last he relented.

—One of the most wonderful cities in the world; Sankok, the capital of Siam. On eight wonderful cities in the world; Sankok, the capital of Siam. On eight wonderful cities in the world; Sankok, the capital of Siam. On eight wonderful cities in the world; Sankok, the capital of Siam. On eight wonderful cities in the world; Sankok, the capital of Siam. On eight wonderful cities in the world; Sankok, the capital of Siam. On eight wonderful cities in the world; Sankok, the capital of Siam.

aubmitted most patiently to his will until at last he relented.

—One of the most wonderful cities in the world is Bankok, the capital of Siam. On either side of the wide majestic stream, moored in regular streets and alleys, extending as far as the eye can reach, 76,000 neat little houses, each one floating on a compact raft of bamboos; and the whole intermediate space of the river is one dense mass of ships, junks, and boats of every conceivable shape, color and size.

—Eugenie Bonaparte, the ex-empress, has grown old and very stout, and no longer dyes her hair, which has taken on a pepper and salt hue. The prince imperial is "a good-looking young man," with a flourishing mustache and a pair of soft blue eyes, which he uses with much interest in the Florence art galleries, where he at present spends much of his time.

—Shakspeare, Scott, Dickens, Harriet Boacher.

—Shakspeare, Scott, Dickens, Harriet Beecher Stowe, The Arabian Nights, and other people and books are to be represented in a queer "Carnival of Authors," which is to be held in Baltimore in February. It is to be a sort of fair in which each feminine manager will have a booth fitted up to represent some scene in some work of whatever author she chooses, her assistants being appropriately arrayed after the fashion of the book's characters.

fashion of the book's characters.

—An American lady who had been visiting friends in Canada crossed the St. Lawrence at Cape Vincent last week, and courteously invited the customs officer to examine her baggage. "There is nothing but wearing apparel in the trunks," she remarked, with a pretty smile. The officer unlocked the largest trunk, and pushing aside a heap of stockings and overturning a layer of dress materials, pounced upon a dozen bottles of French brandy. "Do you call this wearing apparel?" he asked, sternly. "Why, yes," replied the lady, "they are my husband's nightcaps."

husband's nightcaps."

—The new sultan has a great passion for art carpentry and wood-carving, and regularly practices these handicrafts in a private workshop. Probably the most potent person in Turkey after his majesty, is Carl Jenssen, a Meckelenburg German, who was so long employed in the prince's shop, and proved himself so ingenious a carver that he became Hamid's sole confidant. Carl is received with marked familiarity in the imperial palace, is permitted to chat with the sultan's chief wife—pris first love—and has already excited the demonstrative iealousy of an army of exalted personages.

Pound the world forwists excessing the Part

iealousy of an army of exalted personages.

—Round the world tourists crossing the Pacific en route for Japan, on arriving at the 180th degree of longitude, drop a day from their calendar. The returning ship adds a day to its reckoning. It happened to the Rev. Dr. Field, crossing this meridian on the 18th of June, which fell on a Sunday, to enjoy two successive Sundays in mid-ocean, one of which was the Sunday of Asia, the other that of America and Europe. The reverend chronicler sadly records the fact that many of his fellow-voyagers, in their perplexity as to which day ought to be observed, falled to keep either day, and so, instead of gaining two Sundays, lost the one which was theirs of right.

—Welch a pig. give him three pells of smill.

which was theirs of right.

—Weigh a pig; give him three pails of swill, and then weigh him again; he will weigh no more than he did at first. This has been a very popular theory in the agricultural districts, but it was most successfully refuted at Clinton, Mass., on Thanksgiving day. At a family reunion there were four solid sons, one solid daughter, three average daughters-in-law, a medium-sized son-in-law, and enough grand-children to swell the party to fifteen souls, and as many stomachs. The united weight of this family before dinner was 1,852 pounds; the united weight of the dinner actually eaten was 354 pounds; the average gain per stomach was 27-20 pounds; the maximum gain, or the largest dinner eaten, was 44 pounds; the minimum gain was 4 pound. The pig theory is hereby discontinued until further interes.—Thrilling stories were to the solution.

-Thrilling stories were told by reformed drunkards at Mr. Moody's temperance meeting in Chicago lately. One of the witnesses stated that he had been drinking for thirteen years, and had not stopped longer than six months at a time. He had taken the oath time after time. He had gone before a justice of the peace, and had signed the pledge with his own blood, drawn from his arm by a penknife. He had sworn not to drink for a year, under the penalty that he was to be sent to the penitentiary as a perjured man. He had broken the oath, and only escaped the penitentiary by stepping out of town. He had committed every crime but murder. He had broken up half a dozen happy homes. Two years ago he had married a Christian girl, and made her life miserable. He had seen her walking about the house with only one shoe, and with tattered clothes, and even then he stole the little change there was in her pocket and spent it for drink. Four weeks ago he had wandered into the Tabernacle, and he knew that now his sins were forgiven. He had lost his appetite not only for drink but for to-bacco.

-Mrs. Elizabeth Coxeter, aged 102, has lately died at Newbury, England, in one of King John's almshouses. In her last illness her daughter, aged 60, watched over her. Mrs. Coxeter was born on the 1st of February, 1775, and when a girl fourteen years of age heard John Wesley preach at Withey. She married on the 5th of December, 1792, her husband being Mr. Coxeter, the merchant, who, on behalf of Sir Trogmorton, Bart, undertook and carried out the remarkable feat, on the 25th of June, 1811, of manufacturing wool into cloth and making a coat for Sir Trogmorton's use between the hours of surrise and sunset. This event occurred at Greenham Mills, Newbury, and the achievement was celebrated by rejoicings in which five thousand persons participated. The old lady retained her mental faculties until quite recently, and on her one hundredth birthday she repeated the Old Hundredth Psalm to several members of her family.

which five thousand persons participated. The old lady retained her mental faculties until quite recently, and on her one hundredth birth-day she repeated the Old Hundredth Psalm to several members of her family.

—The exposure of spiritualist mediums has become as common an incident in England as it was in the United States last summer. In one respect, however, the Englishman does better than the American; he does not rest content with laying bare the humbug; he drags the impostor into the police court. About sixteen days ago William Lawrence was charged at the Thames Police Court with obtaining a shilling from a clerk by subtle craft and devices. At the seance the figure of a Turk had appeared above the curtain and stepped into the middle of the room. It was draped in white from head to foot, and had a turban on its head. The clerk rose suddenly and wound his stout arms around the ghost, and the two struggled across the room toward the curtain where the light of a lamp outside the house shone in, and the features of the medium were revealed. 'Oh, you impostor!' cried the clerk, releasing him. "Don't expose me, for the sake of my wife and children," was the whispered reply. The clerk took pains to prosecute the swindler. In the United States the whispered reply. The clerk took pains to prosecute the swindler. In the United States the worth the candle. The impostor sneaks out of town, changes his name, and brings out anothers stock of "psychic manifestations" in the next town.

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "The Saint Annual;" "The Old Year;" The Gates to Gad;" "A New Piece of Old News;" When Greek Meets Turk;" "The Best of Rea-ons;" "A Life Won."

Accepted: "The Land of Blissful Rest;" "My ymptoms;" "Seeking;" "Obscurity;" "Was it a in;" "The Three Calls;" "The New Scholar;" A Wish Too Soon;" "Miss Grimes Old Visit-

or."
Authors will please not write on small pages that compel a cramped and minute chirography. Manuscript that is hard to read is disliked by editor and compositor alike. Many a good thing is tossed aside as unavailable because it is not easily deciphered.

BERT. The person named is alive and well. ADDIE L. Use orris and charcoal on the teeth ELIAS, JR. Hunters long ago started for the

PENN. SCHOLAR. Study algebra, of course, after arithmetic. It is splendid training for the mind, as well as very useful.

W. L. H. The second author named is exclusive on this paper. He writes serials for nobody else. The other you will probably hear from, in due time. ANDREW R. Had to say no to the MS. It was youthful—not crude but immature. You'll do better as you see and know more of life. Try the boys' papers for awhile as a kind of school.

MELVILLE. "Sympathetic" inks are simply a weak solution of sulphuric acid, which is invisible until heated, then shows black on the paper; lemon luice shows brown, and a solution of cobalt shows

green or blue.

H. E. W. Poem with many good lines has some that are very prosy. The line between prose and poetic expression may be indefinable, but is quickly appreciable to a correct taste. A poem forced, or studied in utterance, is in imminant danger of becoming but rhymed or rhythmic prose.

studied in utterance, is in imminish danger of becoming but rhymed or rhythmic prose.

Percy L. Admissions to West Point are only
had first by an appointment. Each Congressman
nominates a candidate; then this candidate has to
attend an examination, which is quite rigid, and a
great many fail to pass it. Write to adjutant general's office for catalogue giving information.

Miss A. A. N., Auburn. Thanks. A few such good
friends as you in every city and town would give
our paper enormous currency. Will be happy to
hear from you or your friends in the way of correspondence or inquiry. We seek to render this department eminently useful and helpful.—"The Parson's Daughter" is such, in fact.—You are not old
enough to think of marriage.

M. M. An only daughter and sister can count
upon more attention than if there were several
girls in the family to share the favors, but this exclusiveness ought not to breed indifference to the
value of the attentions bestowed. Study to please;
strive to make your brothers think lovingly of you,
and never fail to do for them what will most attach them to you. A sister having an elder brother
makes a great mistake indeed when she looks to
others for company and favors. Show for your
brother a fondness that he will delight to reciprocate, and you will find your own happiness greatly
promoted, and your influence over him for his good
greatly enhanced.

C. G. T. We cannot name the flower, but will
find out what it is if you will send along another

greatly enhanced.

C. G. T. We cannot name the flower, but will find out what it is if you will send along another blossom and leaf.—We do not want matter, but read what is sent in, in order to obtain the very best. Try some others of the popular papers.

Room No. 6, Princeton. The dizziness, of which you complain, is probably caused by overstudy, or by study in a close room. Air and exercise may be of benefit, but if the symptoms are as serious as you describe, you should lose no time in consulting a physician.

a physician.

Mrs. T. E. Dr. W. To remove the tar from your silk dress rub upon the spot some hog's lard. After this is thoroughly absorbed by the silk, rub soap upon the place and allow it to remain quietly for some time; then wash in benzine, and allow a current of water to fall from a hight continuously upon the reversed side of the spot. The best dentifrice is powdered chalk. Use this once a day; after each meal cleanse your teeth thoroughly with a brush and clear water. The teeth should be especially brushed before retiring at night.

C. T. W., Lovelton, Pa., writes: "I am very much troubled over a certain matter and come to you for help. Last summer I met a lady, for a few days only, with whom I fell in love. In order to further our acquaintance, I asked her to correspond with me, which she has done ever since. Her letters were so friendly I thought of confessing to her, soon, my love, when she wrote me that she was engaged. Now, would it be wrong for me to tell her of my love? At least could I intimate to her what my hopes have been? Or must I give her up entirely without her even knowing that I desired to have her for my wife? If she knew my feelings I thought perhaps she would think more seriously over the other matter before she decided against me. She said nothing about ending our correspondence, so should I do any wrong to continue it just the same?" When the lady has told you of her engagement, to avow your love for her would be to betray and insult the confidence she has reposed in you. And would you desire to marry a young woman who, having plighted her love and troth to one man, would lightly turn and bestow it upon another? Evidently the lady has corresponded with you as a friend, and there is no reason why her engagement should termmate a friendly correspondence, unless you violate her good faith in you, by making love to her. So prove yourself worthy her friendship, and console yourself with the thought that "there are as good fish, etc."

I Lora Seastles, Texas, writes: "I am one of quite leaver family and I am chosen to write to you and C. T. W., Lovelton, Pa., writes: "I am very much

"there are as good fish, etc."

Iola Searles, Texas, writes: "I am one of quite a large family, and I am chosen to write to you and ask if you can suggest a new game for us to play evenings; something that will be quiet and instructive?" Suppose you try the game of "Twenty Questions." You leave the room while the others fix upon the name of some historical or famous personage. You enter and ask a question, in turn, of each player, until you have asked twenty, to each of which only "Yes" or "No" shall be answered, as: "Is it a man?" "No." "A foreigner?" "Yes."
"An Englishwoman?" "Yes." "A poetess?" "No."
"A historian?" "No." "A novelist?" "Yes."
"Have I read any of her books?" "Yes." "Is she living?" "No." "Did she live in this century?" "Yes." Perhaps you will now guess Charlotte Bronte. If that was a wrong guess, you still have eleven questions. The players become guessers in rotation.

MARIE L. T., Cornwall, asks: "Will you please

eleven questions. The players become guessers in rotation.

Marie L. T., Cornwall, asks: "Will you please tell me and my cousin what is a nymph, and a satyr, and why the ocean is called "Old Neptune?" It would be well, in future, when writing of yourself and another person, to mention yourself last, as: "My cousin and me." There are no nymphs nor satyrs; they were creations of mythology. Nymphs were beautiful females, detites, and supposed to inhabit all regions of earth and water, as Oreades, Mountain nymphs. Dryades, Woodnymphs; Naides, River-nymphs. Satyrs were frolicksome attendants upon the god of wine, Bacchus, They are painted and sculptured with feet like goats, bald heads, and little spronting horns.—The ocean is sometimes called "Old Neptune" because "Mrsste" wishes to know if, when a young lady

the god of the sea was reprune.

"Missie" wishes to know if, when a young lady speaks of her lover before third persons, she should use his Christian or surname; and if the same rule which would apply to that case would govern a wife's mention of her husband before a mixed company? When speaking of a lover before any but intimate friends use his surname. And a husband and wife should speak of each other before mere acquaintances as Mr. — and Mrs. —. And a person speaking to a friend of his or her husband or wife should not ask "How is your wife?" but "How is Mrs. Jones?"

"GOD'S ACRE."

BY MRS. ADDIE D. ROLLSTON.

Here sleep within this hallowed ground
The old, the young, the grave, the gay,
Deaf to the wooing song of spring,
Blind to the golden light of day.
Forever through the drooping boughs
Of gloomy cypress comes the moan
Of sweeping winds, that ever tell
Their whispers in an undertone.
The very skies seem full of woe,
E'en though they shine with radiance fair,
And flowers that blossom brightly here
A sad, sweet beauty ever wear!

I pause beside a tiny grave,
Sweet with the flowers of blushing spring,
Where violets lift their purple blooms,
And summer birds their matins sing.
A little hand seems stretching out
Across the mystic, dim Unknown,
And kisses warm from baby-lips
Seem with a thrill to meet my own!
Oh! violet eyes, forever scaled!
Oh! snowy hands, forever stilled!
There is an empty void where once
A ittle presence sweetly filled!
Here gleaming whitely in the sum

A uttle presence sweetly filled!

Here, gleaming whitely in the sun,
A marble column guards a mound

Where slumbers one whose life was pure,
Whose generous deeds were once renowned.

But long ago the voice was hushed,
The tired heart was laid to rest;
The weary hands, freed from life's toil,
Were folded on a pulseless breast!
And yet through long and bitter years,
Despite the grave that lay between,
One mourned with hopeless grief his loss,
And kept his memory fresh and green!

And kept his memory fresh and green!

And here, within this oak-tree's shade,
Forgot, neglected and alone,
I find a sunken, nameless grave,
Unmarked by e'en the simplest stone.
And yet mayhap in some far home
A mother watched with hopeful eyes
The coming of a much-loved form
That in eternal stillness lies.
Watched till the heart grew sick with fear,
For words eame not from I ps grown dumb,
And ne'er again through twilight's gloom
The eager tread of feet will come!

And oh! the fond hopes buried here!
The radiant dreams that darkly fied,
When loved ones wept their bitter tears
Above the shrouded, silent dead!
And some are left to walk life's way,
Who long with fierce and bitter pain
To rest with those that ne'er will walk
In any earthly path again.
Yet He who notes the sparrow's fall,
Looks down on every clime and land,
And guardeth with a father's love
The smallest creature of His hand!

And so when starry evening comes,
The calm, still twilight of the years
That endeth all life's pain and toil,
And covers loss and sorrow's tears;
It will be sweet to slumber here,
Where violet flowers shed their perfume rare,
And through the summer's leafy boughs
The sunlight falls with splendor fair.
Sweet then to lay each burden down,
The brooding cares that vexed us so,
And in eternal slumbers sweet
No earthly losses o'er to know!

Cecile's Two New Years'

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

OUTSIDE the snow was falling thickly, noise-

OUTSIDE the snow was falling thickly, noise-lessly; the branches of the trees were wrapped an inch or more deep in their cloaks of feathery whiteness, and the tall evergreens that seemed standing on guard on either side the entrance to the house, looked wondrously beautiful in their white and green array.

Far and near reigned the unbroken silence that comes with a veritable, old-fashioned snowstorm. No wind, no biting cold, and, as yet, no sound of sleigh-bells, that even in the village of Markham would ring merrily and constantly, when the storm should cease, and the roads, piled two feet high, already, should "be broken."

Within the large double house on the main street—the house guarded so royally by the arrowy-straight, majestic pines, the streaming lights from the windows that gleamed brightly even through the thickly-falling snow, gave token that there was pleasant comfort, at least, within. And there was—there could not fail of being happy hearts and sunshiny faces in the Hazleton household, for many reasons; chiefest of which was—on the morrow, on the glad New Year, Cecile was to be married. Cecile, the youngest daughter, with her sweet, blue eyes, like a June sky, that had captivated more hearts than her betrothed's—the quiet, grave, gentlemanly man who was sitting opposite the grate, talking to Mr. Hazleton.

He was all of twenty years older than Cecile, Within the large double house on the main

He was all of twenty years older than Cecile, John Duval was; and other people besides him-self wondered how he ever had come to be so inself wondered how he ever had come to be so in fatuated with the saucy, golden-haired Cecile not vet nineteen.

Other people wondered with surprise—he him-self with thrills of glad, worshipful joy, when-

Other people wondered with surprise—he himself with thrills of glad, worshipful joy, whenever he looked at the girl who, on the morrow, was to crown his life with perfection.

He had known her only a year, and that year had taught him the strength and depth of an affection he had never accredited himself with. A year of strange surprise on his part, at the first, when he found how the girl could sway him at her merest caprice. Then weeks and weeks of alternate hope and fear, lest he should him at her merest caprice. Then weeks and weeks of alternate hope and fear, lest he should not find favor in her sight—then such wild joy, such ecstasy of delight, when her own sweet, pouting tips had confessed she loved him.

He was perfectly content after that. He would not have changed places with a living man on the weight of the project of the state of the state

not have changed places with a living man on earth; he waited so impatiently and expectantly for the time when he might take her in his arms, forever and ever his very own.

And now—this snowy, silent night—this New Year's eve was at hand; and the morrow, whether shrouded in snow clouds, or bathed in joyous sunshine, was his and Cecile's wedding

Every thing was in readiness; the bride's trunks were packed and standing in the hall.
The dainty gray traveling suithing in the wardrobe, and the gloves and kid boots were only robe, and the gloves and kid boots were only awaiting the moment when Cecile should don them. In New York, miles away from the quiet little New Jersey village, the pleasant home was in readiness for them; and at the very moment that John Duval sat by the glowing fire in Cecile's home, the fire in his own house was blazing and burning merrily in anticipation of his glad coming on the morrow.

He might have been thinking of that, or some

He might have been thinking of that, or some He might have been thinking of that, or something equally pleasant, for the tender happiness on his face deepened, and a mute, adoring light leaped into his grave, earnest eyes, as the outer door closed and the parlor door opened, admitting Cecile—a tiny, graceful girl, with yellowgold hair, starred with big snow-flakes, and cheeks of rare peachy freshness.

Duval looked at her, wonderingly; then anxiously.

lously

You haven't been out in this storm, Cecile!

What if you should catch cold?"

She laughed as she threw back the little scarlet cloud that had been thrown over her head.

"Indeed, I have been out! it's just glorious!
Why, I have been gone an hour. Didn't you

How pretty, how piquant she was. It was little wonder Duval's heart was full of proud joy. Even Mr. Hazleton imbibed the charm of her "Nobody once thought of you, madcap.

Nobody once thought of you, madeap. It isn't of the least consequence, if you haven't caught cold, and enjoyed the storm."
Cecile turned a flushed, eager face toward him; and John Duval wondered if the exhilaration of the air had lent such brilliant excitement to her

eyes.
"Enjoyed myself! it is the happiest night of all my life!"
He just glanced at her bewitching face, and

disturb you, I think—for awhile. Where's Nell, papa? In the dining-room. John—take care of papa till I come back!"

She threw him a kiss—her face all alight with

such wondrously-beautiful excitement, and went out into the hall, her skirts rustling as they trail-

ed over the carpeting, her feet pattering swiftly as she ascended the stairs.

Half an hour afterward, Mrs. Hazleton came swiftly into the room, holding a slip of paper in her hand; her face white as the snow outside, a

great, speechless agony in her eyes.

Mr. Hazleton sprung to his feet in alarm.
John Duval, with a sharp anguish of fear on
his face, waited, as if for the confirmation of some terribly-vague, suddenly-born suspicion.

The mother dropped the netelet from her trembling fingers into her husband's outstretched hand.

Read it; can it be true!-convince me it is

not true."

Mr. Hazleton read the four lines aloud, in a voice that from alarm and great astonishment grew to stern relentlessness.

"Mamma, dear mamma," it said, in Cecile's unmistakable handwriting—"don't let papa and dear old John be angry with me; I know you will not be when you know I have gone with Fred—we were married at the parsonage an hour ago. I love him, and he loves me better than all the world."

And that was one New Year aver. And that was one New Year eve.

And that was one New Year eve.

Year after year had added its softening memories to the past, until seven New Year's days had come and gone, and 1875, with its clear skies and crisp frosty air had come right royally in, laden with its cheer and welcome to thousands of happy, hopeful hearts.

But, for all the flowing wines, the garlanding evergreens, the branching holly, the mirth and joyousness, the glad wishes and ardent benisons, there were aching hearts on the bright sunshiny Friday, January 1st, 1875; and no heart ached more dully, or less constantly, than John Duval's—proud, stern, reticent man that he was, and doubly so since the night, seven years agone, when Cecile Hazleton had dashed the cup, already brimming, from his lips. That had been a frightful blow to him—one that, at the first, completely prostrated him, one that laid him on his back, in a low fever of raging delirium for weeks. Then, when he recovered, a mere shadow of his former self, a quiet, patient, enduring, yet hopeless man, he knew Cecile had hit harder than she meant to.

At first, he could not forgive her, Hard thoughts at her daring duplicity, that made him the dupe, at her cruel deception, at her heartless indifference, raged against her. Then, as the years went on, and he never saw her, or heard

"Yes, you do—and, you have a Cecile, too!"
A moment's silence, then he began to speak in a low, eager tone, that grew furious as he went

"You have a Cecile—you—a Cecile, you, a beardless boy! You dare look forward to happiness with a woman who bears the name she—but say, boy, what Cecile do you love? Tell me her name!" he demanded, hotly.

A quick averting of the face, a perceptible shivering of the figure, and then a low, half reluctant answer, as if the man's violence alone mmanded it.

commanded it,

"Cecile—Cecile Gasten,"

It was almost whispered, but Duval heard it,
and staggered back to his chair.

"My God!—Cecile Gasten—and you know her—loye her—"

—love her—"
The lad's voice interrupted him.
"Did I say I loved her? Do you love her?
Tell me you do, and—"
Dival laughed. Was this boy taunting him,

daring him.
"Do I love her—the woman who deserted me "Do I love her—the woman who deserted me on my marriage eve, seven years ago to-night? Do I love her—fair, false, fickle? Do I love her, the only woman I ever kissed in my life, who has wrecked my life, and made me a ghost among the shadows of the past, out of which I can never escape?—Yes, I love her."

He looked at the boy almost sneeringly, in his own great, grand superiority, and then suddenly grew mute, paralyzed with astonishment, to see him rush across the space between them and fall sobbing at his feet, clasping his knees with his clinging arms.

"John!—John! don't you know me? Oh, forgive me?—forgive me that I have dared do this—that I have ventured to be near you—the only man I ever loved? Can you forgive me, John—

His companions were surprised at Pete's impetuous manner of breaking up their games, and dashing off at a tangent in the midst of an interesting situation. They were not aware that the appearance of Colonel Green in the street was the cause of these evolutions.

Despite his vigilance he lost sight of the object of his pursuit at times. It then became a matter of the first consequence to recover the trail

trail.

Pete would then glide into a suspected saloon, with a broken-mouthed pitcher, and the inno-

with a broken-mouthed pitcher, and the inno-cent remark:

"Say, Mr. Finn, old Johnny Logan, what lives up there, t'other side the blacksmith shop, sent me down for a pint of ale. He'll step 'round hisself and square off the reckonin' with you. So he says."

"Tell Johnny Logan that we're doing a cash business now," the inn-keeper would reply.

"And get out that door, sudden."

"An empty pitcher's easier to carry than a

"And get out that door, sudden."

"An empty pitcher's easier to carry than a ull one; that's logic," was Pete's rejoinder.

Think it wouldn't be hard to carry you, for rou're the emptiest beat I ever did see,"

Such remarks were usually followed by a hasy business call for Pete in the street.

His next demand might be in some business

oncern.

"Any work to-day for a poor boy, mister?"

"What sort of work are you used to?"

"Kin do most any thing. Jist say what you vant me fer, and you kin bet I'm good at lear!"

"We want you to-day for nothing."
"You've hit it there, mister. That's jist what
Pre been brung up to. I tell you Pm a coon at

doin' nothin'."

And so he would keep it up, spreading his impudence indiscriminately, until fortune brought him again within view of Colonel Green.

The associates of the colonel were also objects of great interest to him. Not one of the more familiar of these but what Pete honored with a share of his special attention.

familiar of these but what Pete honored with a share of his special attention.

But among them he saw no one reminding him of the person with whom he had heard Colonel Green speak of Minnie Ellis.

One day he thought he had a glimpse of this individual, passing the colonel in the street, with a seeming gesture of recognition. But, as before, he saw only his back, and soon lost sight of that.

All this was very discouraging to the boy. There was nothing to show that Colonel Green had any deeper interest at stake than the needs of eating and sleeping at his boarding-house, of



"I am not Susie! I am not your niece! I want to go home! I will go home!"

of her, a sad pitifulness came over him, as one thinks of the erring dead. Then, he came to re-member only the sweetness that had charmed him—and Fred Gasten; until, under the influence of the years that had purified him, and made a nobler man of him, on this last New Year's eve—the dying hours of '74—John Duval sat thinking of the years between him and one other New Year's eve, with calm, gentle kind-

The office was closed—had been closed hours ago—and yet he tarried in the warm silence somehow, on these anniversary nights, home wa a little painful to him. The same home he had made for Cecile, years agone, where he lived all alone, excepting a motherly old housekeeper and

alone, excepting a motherly did housekeeper and the corps of three servants. So he sat in his office—he and the office-boy, who seemed to appreciate the depth and earn-estness of Mr. Duval's meditation, for he kept at a respectful distance, among the shadows of the

But, watching him—always watching him.
It was nearly eleven when Duval recollected himself, suddenly. I had no idea I was keeping you so long,

Fred."

He called the boy's name, as he always did, and had never been able to help doing, with a visible effort, as if loath to frame the name.

To-night Fred answered—he was usually very still; but to-night he was bolder.

"I do not mind being late, half as much as you seem to mind speaking my name. Please tell me why you do so—don't I suit?"

Duval smiled indulgently; then a paleness crept over his face, a weariness that was unutterably touching.

crept over his face, a weariness that was unutterably touching.
"I don't like your name, my boy. I have associations connected with the name that hurt me
sorely—that are hurting me to-night."
The gas-light was shining softly on his face,
and the boy looked eagerly at him.
"I don't like it, either—I hate it—yes, I hate
the very sound of it, and everybody who is called by it."
The sudden burst of passion surprised Mr.

The sudden burst of passion surprised Mr. uval. He looked closely at the boy, as if in

reproof.

"Hate is a strong word—too hard a word for child like you to understand. If I should say hated a man they call Fred—she said it so weetly, and I used to wish my name were so eautiful for her sake—oh—Cecile! Cecile!"

The memories came swarming over him in overwhelming floods; his voice fairly wailed the name that had not passed his lips for years, and he covered his face—grand, suffering though it was—with his hands.

was—with his hands.
Something like a convulsive movement worked on the features of the boy; his dark eyes gazed with wistful entreaty on his face; then, as the name of Cecile left Duval's lips, he sprung forward, excited, eager, with his eyes like

Nobody's Boy:

THE STOLEN CHILD.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

CHAPTER VII.

PETE GOES A-FISHING AND HOLES A SHARK. PETE GOES A-FISHING AND HOLES A SHARK. It proved no light task which Pete had set himself. Colonel Green's first movement was to his home in the city. This was a half-hotel, half-boarding-house, in which it was evident that Minnie Ellis could not be concealed. His next move was to a tavern which he was much in the habit of frequenting, a drinking establishment of no great odor of respectability in the city.

in the city.

From this he proceeded to a mansion of more mysterious purpose, but of whose uses the ubiquitous boy was well aware.

It was a gambling establishment, in which the secrets of faro, poker, and roulette, were nightly taught to all who were willing to pay for their knowledge.

r their knowledge.
"Working for a dead hoss to-day," was Pete's

working for at death does or day, was feet growling comment. "Dunno what to make of the chap, any how. Looks as if he'd nothing in hand but eatin', drinkin', and gamblin', 'cept it's making speeches. He lets hisself out some at speechifying, but I've a notion it was all playing possum. Got anything to say on that subject, "Viscolomyes".

The dog answered by a series of discordant 'Jist so, Nick. Jist what I think, too. You're

"Jist so, Nick. Jist what I think, too. You're a clear-headed dorg; if you ain't, I'll cave. If I only understood dorg-talk a bit better now. No matter, Nicodemus; we've put in our day's work; let's go home and interview old Meg for supper. low's that, $doggy^p$. The cur gave his usual bark, on hearing his

name spoken.

"That's so, Nick," continued Pete. "Pity but
some men I know of had your brains. You
mean you'll git more kicks than bones, and I'll
git more tongue than beefsteak. Let her wag,
Nick, we're seasoned oak, we kin stand it."

He was not far wrong in his anticipations. Old Meg was exasperated by his long absence and empty pockets, and gave him a very plain piece of her mind. But Pete had heard her electrons of the property of the

piece of her mind. But l'ete had heard her eloquence before, and bore it like a hero.

This day was a copy of the two or three succeeding. Pete's business affairs were sadly neglected. He had nobler work on hand, and stumbled into Colonel Green's way with a persistence that must have attracted that person's attention, only for the boy's shrewd mode of conducting the investigation.

all my life!"

He just glanced at her bewitching face, and just caught a glimpse of the effect of her own words; then, with a graceful little gesture of her sunny head, averted her face.

"You two prosy gentlemen are welcome to your fire and grave discussion of stocks. I sha'n't

imbibing at the taverns, or of gambling at the

His few days' absence might have been on an innocent business call. He had certainly spoken strongly in favor of energetic action, at the meet-ing, and the people looked on him as one favor-ing and counseling the most inflexible pursuit of

But Pete was cross-grained, and did not read-

ily take to new views.
"All sound, kurnel," he said to himself, "but I'm not sellin' out at half price. You're sailin' smooth, these days, that I'll gin in; but I've a notion there's rough water ahead. Can't git over that 'Minnie Ellis.' That sticks half-way down, kurnel. Ain't easy swallowed. Reckon I'll gin you my valerable attention a day or two

The day or two more passed and then there

was an explosion.
Old Meg—a cross, sour, profane, dried-up housekeeper—gave Pete a very considerable slice of her mind. I ain't keepin' a boardin'-house for the likes "I ain't keepin' a boardin'-house for the likes of you, you young imp," was her mild remark. "You haven't brought the vally of a cent into the house these two weeks. Do you think, maybe, I'm goin' to fret my life and soul out, and scrub my hands out and bother my wits out fer such a dirty vagabond as you? I'll give you a taste of the broomstick that you'll not forget soon if— And what are you at now, for all the world?"

"Goin' a-fishin'. Meg. Want to shet up your

"Goin' a-fishin', Meg. Want to shet up your mouth with a big catty."
"You best be lookin' for a job and trying to 'arn a decent livin', instead of wastin' your time over catties. And you'll not bring a scale home, I know it."

"Catties don't have no scales, Meg,"

"Cattles don't have no scales, sieg," cried pete, laughing, as he made his way out of hearing of her eloquent remarks.

Pete's fishing-place that day lay down the river, several miles from the place where the reader has already seen him making havoc among

He had his usual good luck, and soon landed a respectable string of fish.

He had just strung these on a pliable twig, and deposited them in a pool of water, for the pur-pose of keeping them in condition, when his at-tention was drawn to the figure of a man pass-ing through the woods that bordered this part

He was some distance away, and half-hidden by the trees, but there was something very fa-miliar to Pete in the gray, cut-away coat, and the general figure and hight of the man. With the utmost haste the boy disposed of his

fishing-tackle in a safe place, and started rapidly on the track of the person he had seen.

He soon brought him within view again, and

figure, so slight, so graceful, so full of nervous enthusiasm. Then he smiled sadly.

"I think not your Cecile, boy. She is twenty-two or three years old, and you—"

"I am just twenty-two—I know I look young—"

"I am just twenty-two—I know I look

The wood soon ended in an open, farming country. The colonel here took a narrow lane, which led him through a range of farms, and into another piece of woodland, some two miles forward.

Pete had plodded along in his rear, managing to avoid the suspicious glances which the colonel cast back, or to appear as a rustic farmhand, without a thought above turnips.

Once in the woods again, concealment was

Once in the woods again, concealment was easier.
On leaving this strip of woodland Colonel Green emerged upon the bank of the river, at a wild-looking place.
It was a small clearing, which had been abandoned, while a thick growth of bushes had replaced the felled trees, some of whose trunks were yet visible in the long grass.
The line of woods stretched around it and touched the river-bank beyond.
Near the river lay the deserted cabin of the settler, a two-story log hut. The upper story seemed to have been added more recently, and was built of roughly-planed boards.
Decay appeared to have seized upon the original log structure, and the whole affair had a rickety aspect.
Pete hung back in the shadow of a huge oak while the colonel walked rapidly across the intervening space and disappeared within the door of the hut.

The boy remained for some time in his hiding-lace, not thinking it advisable to show himself oo soon, and indulging in one of his customary

"Treed, Kurnel Green; if you ain't, Picayune Pete don't know beans. I'm fur you, hoss. You've got the gal in that shanty, and I'm jist the feller to bring her out of there, or blow up. Look out, kurnel, Pete's a-coming. Keep your left eye skinned, my milintary friend, or you're sold."

re sold."
The low bushes surrounding the hut fully protected Pete's advance. He crept forward with the utmost caution, avoiding any noise, and was some twenty minutes in reaching the hut.
He had approached it from the rear. The old, moss-grown and decayed logs rose upright before him, partly covered by climbing vines.
There was no opening in the lower story, but a small window appeared in the side of the upper story just above him.
After reconnoitering the house to see that there was no one on the look-out, Pete returned to the rear.

turned to the rear.

The river ran here close by him, with a small sail-boat tied to the bank. The place seemed to have been used as a sort of fishing-station.

Without further hesitation Pete grasped the vines and the projections of the logs, and began cautiously to ascend.

wines and the projections of the logs, and began cautiously to ascend.

With his agility and practice in gymnastic sports it was child's play to him, and in a minute or two he had grasped the sill of the window, and swung himself up so that his eyes commanded a view of the interior.

A small room was visible before him, an open door leading into a passage beyond, while a second closed door seemed to lead to a second exercise.

apartment.
While he looked, this door opened and the form of Colonel Green appeared. The boy duck-ed his head quickly down, but not too soon to catch a glimpse of another form in the room be-

It was five minutes before he ventured to look again. The room was empty. Cautiously raising the sash Pete slipped noiseessly through the open space, and stood within the room.

Before him was the passage, to his left a bolt-

CHAPTER VIII.

A CAGED BIRD. WE must return to Minnie Ellis, the mystery of whose disappearance yet remains unreveal-

ed.

After leaving her school-companion, whom she had desired to go to the wood with her in search of spring flowers, she had concluded to go by herself.

It wanted yet two hours of supper-time; her cousin had not met her on her way home, as he had been in the habit of doing, and there was no good reason why she should not yield to her inclination.

inclination.

It was about half a mile to the edge of the woodland, partly through sparsely-built streets, partly by a country lane.

The happy child passed rapidly over this distance, swinging her school-hat lightly in her hand, while the mild air played with her golden wiselest.

ringlets.

It was a charming spring afternoon. The whole landscape lay bathed in the rays of a genial sun. The sides of the lane were full of the beauty of greensward and modest flowers.

Bustling bees and gay-winged butterflies flitted from blossom to blossom. Birds sped from tree to tree, or greeted her from the roadside hedge with their sweetest songs.

Minnie hastened on delighted. Love of Nature was implanted deep in her soul, and there was a poetic fervor in her imagination that lent a double charm to scenes like this.

was a poetic fervor in her imagination that lent a double charm to scenes like this.

Within the woods the aspects of Natural Changed, but were not less delightful to her leaves and danced upon the cool forest-floor was a delight to her young soul. Every blue violet, every white berry-blossom was eagerly plucked. Step by step, in search of floral treasures, she sunk deeper into the woods.

The thoughtless child had failed to notice that a person had followed her, and was now in the wood close behind her.

It was not until he spoke that she became aware of the fact that she was not alone.

"Are you so fond of flowers?" spoke a voice behind her.

Minnie turned, half-alarmed, to see a well-

behind her.

Minnie turned, half-alarmed, to see a wellbuilt and well-dressed gentleman standing near her and smiling at her hasty movement.

She recognized him as a person she had often seen in town. Her alarm passed away on seeing a familiar face.

"I am very fond of them," she answered.

"But those are poor ones you have. I think I could easily find prettier."

"Oh, can you?" and her childish enthusiasm broke out. "But that would be too much trouble for you. Please tell me where I may find them."

"It will be no trouble. I was going further into the wood. There is plenty of wild honey-suckle there, and other handsome flowers."

"Why I thought I had been through the whole wood, but I know I never found any honeysuckle." She walked on contentedly by his side. "Is it far?"

his side. "Is it far?"
"Just past that clump of big trees."
The trees were reached and passed, but the promised flowers failed to appear.
She looked at him in surprise.
"I must have been mistaken," he said. "It was in some other part of the wood I saw the flowers."

owers."
"I won't trouble you, then, to show me," she aid, "and I am ever so much obliged. I think

I must be going home now."

"There is a tree of fine dogwood blossoms," he replied; "I can get you some of those."

Without waiting for a reply, he proceeded to gather some of the world.

The child, in the delight of her acquisitions forgot how late it was getting, or how far from

home she was.

"Oh, dear!" sne suddenly cried out, as they emerged upon the further border of the wood wise how low the sun is. It must be supper time, and I am ever so far from home." 'Don't let that worry you, my child," he an-ered. "I have a carriage close by here, and

will take you home."

"No, indeed! I could not put you to all that trouble."

asked.

"Not the least. Are you not fond of riding?"

"Oh, ever so fond! But I am afraid my aunt might not approve of my riding with a strange gentleman; I am sure madame would not."

"Madame? Who is madame?"

"Why, our teacher. At the Young Ladies' Select School, you know."

Select School, you know."

"Yes, yes; I know madame well. She would have no objection to my driving you home. I Here is my carriage.

Here is my carriage.

"The specific of the man who had torn her away from her home."

She sprung forward eagerly.

have no objection to my driving you home. I know your aunt also. Here is my carriage. Shall I help you in?"

They had now emerged up in the country lane

that ran here by the side of the wood.

A partly-closed carriage, drawn by one horse, stood near them—the animal tied to a roadside

It did not strike Minnie as strange that her new friend should have a carriage waiting for him in this out-of-the-way place. She was not aware that he had followed her on foot from the

she stood irresolute—half wishing for the offered ride, half dreading some blame for her imprudence.

He untied the horse, and led it to the middle

of the road.

"Now, my dear, allow me," he said. Ere she hardly realized it, he had gentry lifted her, and deposited her in the carriage.

In an instant he was beside her, and had startof the road.

the horse down the road.

She felt rather pleased to be thus forced, as it were, to do as her wishes counseled. She was tired, and the walk home would have been a

long one.

Minnie failed to see a figure that stood in the minner failed to see a ngure that stood in the woods at a short distance, looking with sardonic pleasure at this incident. It was the figure of the person who had provided the carriage, and left it in this lonely situation.

"Are you not driving in the wrong direction?" she asked, laying her small hand upon his

arm.
"No; the road winds below here. You will

be home in twenty minutes."
"I am afraid aunty will be wondering what keeps me. It is past supper-time now."
"It is not six yet," he replied. "See, is not He pointed to where the sunlight struck upon

a long reach of water before them, painting the ripple with a golden luster.

"Oh, charming!" she cried. "And see yon-

ti Oh, charming!" she cried. "And see yonder! that vessel! How prettily it stands out. You can see every rope against the sky. Don't they have a wonderful number of masts, and ropes, and sails about a vessel?"
"About some vessels they certainly do."

"But see, you are surely going wrong. There is the city behind us." I am not going wrong, my child. You will They passed several houses built by the road-side, and entered upon a more lonely reach of

Soon the carriage drove past a piece of woodland that seemed to stretch to the water's edge.
"Now you are going wrong," she said, in a frightened tone.
"You have taken the wrong road, sir, I am sure. Aunty will be so worried

"I believe I am wrong; that's a fact," he said, doubtfully. "I will drive down this way. I think I see a house through the trees there, where I can inquire."

He turned the horse into a narrow track

through the woods, the trees on each side early grazing the carriage, while a misty evening gloom lay beneath the leafy arches. gloom lay beneath the leafy arches.

Minnie looked eagerly and anxiously forward
for the house he had spoken of. Her clear vision could detect nothing of the kind.

'Hadn't you better turn back, sir?" asked the
frightened child. "There is no house here, and
it is growing ever so dismal."

"Yes, there it is now; I was sure I saw one."
They emerged into a small over space with

They emerged into a small open space, with the river in the background, and a small log house in the center.

"Let me lift you out now, my child. I think we can find our way here."
"I would rather stay here, if you please," she

said, falteringly. n must be tired of the carriage." "No, no, you must be tired of the carriage." He lifted her like a feather in his strong arms,

And deposited her upon the ground.

Letting the horse stand, he grasped her hand and led her toward the hut.

Minnie held back, not yet quite sure whether she should distrust this new acquaintance. But, heedless of her hesitation, he drew her rapidly forward, and in a minute they had entered the but.

whose midst sat and rocked an ill-favored old

Mrs. Jones," he said, drawing the child to-

"Mrs. Jones," he said, drawing the child toward her, "I have brought you my niece, Susie Thompson, as I promised. I wish you to take the best of care of her."

Minnie drew her hand out of his grasp, and stood looking at him with wide, fearful eyes.

"Very glad to see her," said the old woman, in a rasping voice. "Guess she and me will get along nice together."

"Why, what do you mean?" cried the child.
"Oh, sir, take me home! I must go home!"

"You are home, my dear. Mrs. Jones and you will keep house together for the present."

Minnie looked from one to the other, half-stapefied with surprise. Then she turned, with a quick movement, and darted to the door.

But her captor was too quick for her. He caught her before she could reach the door, and drew her forcibly back.

caught her before she could reach the door, and drew her forcibly back.

"What did I tell you, Mrs. Jones?" he said.
Minnie struggled violently to escape.

"Let me go!" she cried, in angry tones, "I must go home! I will go home! It was too bad of you, you wicked man, to bring me here."

"Now, Susie, my dear niece, I am sorry to see you act so, and before Mrs. Jones."

"I am not Susie! I am not your niece!" screamed the child, in hysterical anger. "I want to go home! I will go home!"

"You see how it is, Mrs. Jones," he said. "She needs correction."

That is so, Mr. Thompson," spoke the crack-roice of the old woman. "Leave her with

"That is so, Mr. Thompson," spoke the crack-ed voice of the old woman. "Leave her with me. I'll bring her to."
"I fear she will be too much for you. I will have to lock her in her own room until she learns to behave better."

He picked up the struggling child in his arms and carried her forcibly to the stairs.

"Oh, sir! don't, don't!" she begged, pitiably.

"I will do anything, if you will only let me go home. I am sorry, indeed I am, that I spoke to

He made no answer, but bore her on up the stairs and to the door of a room in the second story. This he opened and would have placed her on a chair inside, but she clung to him, tears

"Oh, don't leave me with that dreadful old woman! Oh, won't you take me home?"

He disengaged her hands, and hastened to the loor. She heard the grating of a bolt behind him. He was gone.

door. She heard the grating of a bolt bening him. He was gone, Minnie threw herself on the floor in a parox-ysm of grief and fear, sobbing and moaning as if her little heart would break.

The old woman brought aer up some supper, eft it on the table, and went away unnoticed by

It was a dreadful night which the child passed. She was naturally passionate, and broke into ecstasies of anger, beating against the door, and screaming at the top of her voice. These fits were succeeded by spells of weeping, and shuddening decel

Finally exhausted nature found its anodyne in sleep—a slumber visited by unpleasant dreams—a fitful, unrefreshing sleep.

The next day passed, and the next, and the

next, and Minnie continued a close prisoner. Her fits of rage did not return—grief and dread alone possessed her.

Mrs. Jones visited her at meal-times, bringing her food. The old woman usually sought to enter into conversation with her, persistently call-

"But I am going back to town, and it will be no trouble," ing her by the name of Susie. In vain she declared that her name was Minnie Ellis, that she lived in Toledo, and begged piteously to be set free. Mrs. Jones was not to be moved by any the parent stem?" was never the parent stem?" was never the parent stem?" was never.

She sprung forward eagerly.

"Oh, sir, you are come to take me home?"

"Not yet, my dear niece. I hope in a few days to take you to your right home, not to Tolade."

I am not your niece, and my home is Toledo?" she cried, with tears in her eyes.
"Now, Susie, if you would only quit talking such nonsense. You will never get out of here while you keep such foolish fancies in your

head."
"I am not your niece! My name isn't Susie!
You are a bad man, a wicked man! Oh, what
did I ever do to you? Oh, sir, do take me

"I will. Susie, when you come to your senses

I only wish you to forget all the nonsense you have been talking, and remember that you are my niece, Susie Thompson."

"I sin't! I ain't! I ain't!" she screamed, in sudden fury. "I would pull my tongue out before I said so. I will never, never, never say so! never it I die here." ever, if I die here!"
"Very well, my dear niece, we shall see."
He retired, bolting the door behind him.

She flung herself on her bed, weeping from a revulsion of feeling. A short time passed, when she heard the bolt again cautiously drawn, and

saw the door slowly open.

Looking languidly up, she saw the form of Picayune Pete standing just within the room.

With a wild cry of hope and delight she sprung up, flew across the room, and clasped the ragged boy firmly within her arms.

"Oh, Pete!" she said, "take me from this dweadful place!"

dreadful place!"

"Hush! hush! Minnie," he said. "That man will hear you; that blasted kurnel, that I'm a-going fur."

"I am so glad to see you," she said, in lower tones. "How did you get here?"

"Snaked it," said Pete. "I jist clumb up like a catamount."

A quick, stern step was heard in the passage beyond.
"He is coming back!" said Minnie, fright-

ened. "Let go of me," said Pete, in resolute, flerce

"Let go of me," said a set the boy free.
"So, this is fine," said a satirical voice in the
doorway. "My bird has found a mate. I will
have two in the cage instead of one."
There was a devilish look upon his face as he
pushed the door quickly to.
At that perilous moment Pete's gymnastic exercise stood him in good stead. With the agile
leap of a wild-cat he sprung against the halfclosed door, hurling it wide open, and almost
prostrating Colonel Green, who was seeking to
close it.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 355.)

BARBARA.

Barbara sits in her porch so green
All day long till the sun goes down;
She hears the buzz of her sewing-machine,
She hears the hum of the distant town,
And sometimes the drone of the hive sedate,
Or the tick-tack murmur the mill-wheel makes
But at every step at the garden gate
A pause she makes and a thread she breaks;
And sadly saying, "He comes not, then?"
She sighs and turns to her sewing again.
Summer winds, can ye bring no balm
To a weary bosom that knows no calm? Summer and winter, and early and late,

Summer and winter, and early and late,
Doth little Barbara sit and hark
For that one swift step at the garden gate
That never comes of shine or dark.
I wonder, if she but the truth could know
That is kept from so many anxious souls—
That her lover's head hath been long laid low
Where the grassy sea of the prairie rolls—
How long would it be ere window and door
Would be empty both, and her w iting o'er?
Oh, winds, west winds, will ye never tell
What long ago in your wilds befell?

Nay, leave her be; let her kuit and sew,
And linger and listen, and watch and wait.
In its own good time there will come, I know,
A message for her at the garden gate—
A whisper will breathe in the anxious ears,
Her wasted figure a soft arm fold,
And the love and trust of these weary years

Will bring their reward in a bliss untold. Though watching and waiting consume our There are angels in heaven that bide their time. Ye winds, blow lightly! still let repose The happy ignorance Barbara knows.

SURE-SHOT SETH. The Boy Rifleman;

THE YOUNG PATRIOTS OF THE NORTH.

BY OLL COOMES, AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "RED ROB," "DA-KOTA DAN," "OLD DAN RACKBACK," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DISGUISED CAPTOR MAGGIE was thrown almost prostrate by the sudden lurch of the boat, and before she could recover herself, she found that she was in the

power of a savage, who, in plain English, said:

"Not a word, or I'll smother you."

Filled with terror, she sunk half unconscious in the wet bottom of the boat, while her captor took up the paddle and kept the craft moving out further and further from the island. The maiden have you what had been the fote of her have knew not what had been the fate of her brave young companion. She could hear the sounds of a struggle somewhere, and supposed they pro-ceeded from the island. She breathed a prayer for Seth's triumph, yet she felt there was little hopes for him, boy that he was, contending with two powerful savages. In the midst of her devout supplications, a strange medley of cries rose upon the night, and was followed by a sav-age yell, the crash of firearms, and the shouts of combatants.

combatants.

The savage ceased paddling, as if paralyzed by the sound; and, for a moment, he seemed undecided as to the course he should pursue. He dipped the paddle, turned and whirled the craft in one direction, then in another.

Maggie could now see his motions, for the moon had sailed up above the eastern forest and flooded the lake with a sheen of mellow light. She saw, also, that he was dressed in the garb of a chief, and was the same individual that she

a chief, and was the same individual that she and Seth had seen that day pacing along the margin of the lake.

nargin of the lake.

In a moment the chief regained his comosure, and sent the boat rapidly toward the
hore; but with a fickleness unbecoming a chief, he soon changed his mind again, and turned in to a little island, and landed. He assisted Maggie from the boat, and, conducting her to the interior of the island, spread his blanket upon the ground for her to be seated. Tired and weary in both body and mind, the maiden availed the professor being or the professor being the p

self of his proffered kindness; and wher maned, he lifted the edges of the blanket and wrapped them about her shoulders. Let the white maiden rest easy, for no harm

shall come to her now," the young chief said, in good English.

Maggie started at the sound of his voice, for it struck her as being familiar. She endeavored to recall the faces of the Indians she had known and heard during the days of peace; but among the many that had frequented the Agency, she could rumember no face to which the voice be-longed. Recovering her power of speech she an-

the parent stem?" was his answer.

Maggie made no answer.

"It is because she loves the flower," the chief answered, "and that is why I have taken the white rose of the pale-faces."
"You were not with my captors last night,"

she answered. "My warriors were," he answered. "Long has Hawk-Eyes loved the white maiden and wanted her for a wife. He has spared her life that she might brighten up his lodge with the light of her face."

Then you may as well kill me here, for I will never be your wife," answered Maggie, indigple are all dead, and that Hawk-Eyes is her best

nd, now."
Hawk-Eyes tells a falsehood!" reiterated

"Hawk-Eyes tells a falsehood!" reiterated the maiden, scornfully, "and I hate him for it. My friends are not all dead!"

"Ugh! the white rose has thorns that are concealed," the chief answered, sarcastically, for her retort cut sharply into his cowardly spirit; "but they are harmless," he added, mockingly.

"A brave chief would not mock a feeble, help-less cirl. He dear not for the friend I left on

"A brave chief would not mock a feeble, helpless girl. He dare not face the friend I left on
the island and speak thus to me."

"Hawk-Eyes fears not the dead," was the savage's reply, that fairly crushed the maiden's
heart; but she bravely concealed her emotions
from her tormentor. Upon reflection she took
courage. She knew her captor's assertion was
made without any positive knowledge as to
whether Seth had been slain or not; for they had
left before the struggle had been decided between
her friend and the savages.

The discharge of firearms, the shouts, yells,
and strange cries that rent the night soon after
their departure from the island, had died out,
and a deep silence reigned. Pretty Maggie noticed that her captor betrayed uneasiness, yet he
endeavored to conceal it, in every way possible,

endeavored to conceal it, in every way possible,

Suddenly a shout rung across the lake, that seemed to increase the chief's fears, and he at once embarked in the dugout, with his captive, for other quarters. Something in the sound he had heard convinced him that it was not safe to tarry longer; and what gave him uneasiness and fear, gave Maggie hope and courage. The chief plied his paddle with extreme cau-

on, and darted from one island to another, using to rest and listen whenever under the adows of an islet.

pausing to rest and listen whenever under the shadows of an islet.

Maggie sat in front of her captor, her head bowed, and her eyes fixed on the glassy water rippling out from the side of the boat.

They had passed two or three islands and finally reached the one furthest south. It was covered with a number of tall pines that cast long, wide shadows out upon the clear water. They were creeping through this long stretch of shadows when a cry suddenly and involuntarily burst from Maggie's lips. There was a single spot in the shadow where the moonbeams, struggling through the tree-tops, fell upon the surface, as bright as if concentrated there in a focus. In this patch of light, as they paused, Maggie beheld an upturned human face—a face white as that of a corpse and stained in spots with blood. She recognized the face; it was that of Sure Shot

CHAPTER XIV. A MYSTERIOUS CHARMER.

To return to the island where we left Sure Shot Seth engaged with a savage, is to follow up the events that have been rapidly crowding upon

noment only, when he succeeded in getting the muzzle of his revolver against the savage's temple, and fired. This ended the hand-to-hand conflict;

in an instant a dozen rifles rung forth on the

There was no telling how many fell, but, with a random discharge of their guns, the savages quickly sought shelter behind the rocks, and silence followed. The red-skins had evidently been surprised.

or were ignorant of the number that confronted them; and the result of the collision could be determined now only by stratagem and cun-

be determined now only by stranging.

"To hole, ye gory critters!" yelled old Joyful Jim, who had allied himself to the Brigade, and numbered himself as "one of the boys."

A defiant yell answered him.

Only a wall of rocks running across the island like the fin on a fish's back now separated the enemies. On the Indians' side it rose perpendicular to the hight of ten feet, and on our friends' side it was a little shelving and of the same hight. It varied in width from ten to thirty feet.

To pass from one side to the other they would have to go around the ends of the wall, which would force them close upon the water's brink. But neither party seemed desirous of gaining the opposite side for the sake of a fight. Each con-cluded to act upon the defensive, being igno-

ant of each other's force. In a few words Sure Shot Seth made known the circumstances under which he and Maggie Harris had been separated a few minutes be-

Mr. Harris groaned in spirit over the hope he had been so fondly cherishing of recovering his

child.

"I'm going to try and get away from here at once," said Seth, "and hunt Maggie up. I dare say her captor will wait among the islands the result of his friends' attack here; and, if so, I may creep around and rescue her. She was in power of but one savage when I last saw

"Creepin' tarrapins!" exclaimed Joyful Jim, "thar's just about as much likelihood of your findin' that Ingin and gal to-night as thar is of old Inkpaduta becomin' an angel."

"I'll try it, nevertheless," answered Seth, in a whisper; "one cannot tell what he can do, nor what he cannot do, until he hastried. Mr. Harris, I will leave my gun and acouterments with you, as I will have to swim away from here. My knife is all that I want."
"Boy." said old Jim, "I'm afraid you'll git a pellet of lead into your system. I dare say they're watchin' out for us."
"They my friends we must watch out for "They my friends we must watch out for

Then, my friends, we must watch out for

dinto them." them." "Faith, and that we will," said Teddy O'-Roop, beth knows his of friends," said Justin

And can trust his ones," said Tom 'It requires no works to sure me of this," answered Sure Shot S

The young rifleman divested himself of his weapons and such out ward clothing as he could dispense with. Then he crept down to the water's edgo and entered the lake. He swam off on his back, his boad and face alone being visible on the marrie surface of the water. His friends tremble is ith the fear that the savages would see him are bring their guns to bear upon him. Nor were neir fears without foundation. him. Nor were leir fears without foundation. Seth was scarce y three rods from shore ere a rifle rung out over the wall and a bullet, striking

face of the swimmer.

face of the swimmer.

Those on the island were unable to cover his retreat. There was no way by which they could reach the top of the rock that separated them from the foe, while the latter were afforded this means by the slight inclination of their side of the wall. Not to be outdone, however, the Indian led suddenly duried of the wall. The specific of the wall is not to be outdone, however, the Indian led suddenly duried of the wall. The specific of the wall is not to be outdone, however, the Indian led suddenly duried to the wall is not to be outdone, however, the Indian led suddenly and said, in a natural tone:

"Repair your boat, friends, and flee, or you may never again have the chance."

She spoke excitedly, and her voice and form now seemed more of earth than heaven.

"Who in the wisdom of Solomon be you?" asked old Jim, glancing up at her with a quizside of the wall. Not to be outdone, however, Hooseah, the Indian lad, suddenly darted out from under the ledge, and, uttering the sharp cry of a wolf, leaped straight into the air, at the same time throwing his rifle at a level before him; and just as his head came up even with the top of the rock he fired. A yell of agony on the opposite side of the wall told how fatal had been his shot, notwithstanding the manner in which it had been made.

This caused a diversion in Seth's favor; and before another shot could be fired the friends of the young rifleman had the pleasure of seeing him disappear around a little island in the distance.

Finding themselves defeated in slaying Seth, the savages mounted the rock and rushing across the top thought to take the whites by surprise and shoot them down. But, before they could fire, the Brigade darted under the ledge, entirely out of sight, and gliding along the wall to each end secured a position and opened fire on the red-skins, causing them to beat a hasty retreat to the other side.

"You ve rollicking smoky-skins of Satan"

to the other side.

o the other side.
"Yoop, ye rollicking smoky-skins of Satan!"
elled Joyful Jim; "jist come over on our side
f ye want to be snaked into purgatory. We're if ye want to be snaked info purgatory. We're the lolly-pops that can kink yer systems wusser than a green persimmon. Yoop! tempest in a tea-pot, 'possum in a holler! I'm beginnin' to feel fightish, and fust thing ye know I'll bulge through this wall and tackle the hull Ingin nation. I'm feelin' real awful—superbumfustic. I can't hold myself much longer."

"Kape cool, Joyful Jim," said Teddy O'Roop, "and save yer fire for the sthruggle that's sure to come soon—wirra!"

come soon—wirra!"

A shadow passed over the speaker and a stone fell in the lake beyond.

"The bloody devils are beginning to throw

stones over here in hopes of crushing us," said Tom Grayson.
Our friends were again obliged to avail them-Our friends were again obliged to avail themselves of the protection of the shelving wall, for the stones were now raining down on their side like hail, while they had no chance to return the "compliment." In fact, the savages possessed the most advantageous position, being enabled

like hail, while they had no chance to return the "compliment." In fact, the savages possessed the most advantageous position, being enabled to scale the wall at pleasure, and with impunity. For fully five minutes the missiles hurtled through the air. Suddenly there was a crash. A stone had fallen into the cance—a long, frail bark concern—and stove a hole through the bottom, rendering it perfectly useless. This left our friends in a rather precarious situation, and served to increase their fears.

A yell from the savages told their gloating triumph; but it was immediately answered by a strange medley of shouts and cries from the Brigade. The whites, also, began to return the shower of stones as soon as they dare venture from under the ledge; and the groans and cries of excitement which came from the opposite side told that the reds were being dangerously disturbed, as they had not the advantage of a shelter that their enemies possessed.

This hurtling of stones was kept up until it became unendurable by savage patience and fortitude, and with a wild yell they charged around the eastern end of the wall. The whites were not taken unawares, and a deadly struggle ensued. But it was brief as it was desperate. The savages were driven back to their own side, while a shout rung forth upon the air from the lips of the victorious Brigade.

"Och, now," exclaimed Teddy O'Roop, "and isn't it delicious fun, b'ys?"

"Tish fun very much," replied young Schultz.

"Hark! hark!" cried Justin Gray.

"Tish fun very much," replied young Schultz.

Hark! hark!" cried Justin Gray.

With bated breath all listened.

muzzle of his revolver aginst the savage's temple, and fired. This ended the hand-to-hand conflict; but scarcely had he time to realize his victory, ere he caught the dip of a number of oars and the heavy swash of a long batteau plowing its way through the water at a fearful speed.

Simultaneous with this discovery, the bark of a fox, the howl of a wolf, the scream of a panther, the hoot of an owl, the cry of a night-hawk and other sounds rose upon the night, filling the soul of Seth with joy; for in the sounds he recognized the presence of his friends, the Boy Brigade. With a shout he answered them, then ran around the island and met them where they landed. Maggie's father and Tom Grayson accompanied them, and almost the first words of the former was an inquiry after his child.

Seth had scarcely time to answer ere the savages landed on the opposite side of the island, and with a yell came rushing across toward our friends. The moon now lit up the surroundings and the whites were enabled to see the dusky forms of the enemy quite distinctly; in an instant a dozen rifles rung forth on the might, and the whites were enabled to see the dusky forms of the enemy quite distinctly; in an instant a dozen rifles rung forth on the might. of flaxen hair gave the mysterious creature upon the rock a vague, spiritual form, and enshrouded it in a nimbus that partook of the
light of a celestial being. In her arms she held
a harp over which her white fingers danced and
flashed like ripples of sunshine; while her face,
clothed in the radiance of womanly love, was
lifted toward heaven; and her lips poured forth
an accompaniment to the harp that would have
melted the stoniest heart and soothed the wildest brain

The scene was indeed wondrous. The night the little forest-girded lake; the rocky island the savages motionless upon one side as the un conscious forms stiffening at their feet, and their painted faces upturned toward the strange visitant—not contorted with wild frenzy, but mute with solemn awe and mysterious admiration; while on the other side stood our friends, rooted to the spot with surprise by the sudden change from the terrors of battle to the enchant-

ng strains of music.

Neither whites nor reds had seen the strange musician approach; and where she had come from was a question beyond their comprehen-

Silent and unmoved, she stood upon the rock and sent forth those sweet seductive strains, whose melody awoke a feeling in the breasts of the audience that they had scarcely ever experienced. The heart of each seemed to leap forth in response to the silvery notes, while the soul became inspired by the sounds that seemed

born of heaven itself. Thus for all of ten minutes the unknown continued to play; then, as the last note laded away like the vision of a dream, she turned, and in a tone soft as a flute's, said:

"Oh, why do my red and white friends fight and slay each other!"

A profound stillness followed. The question was repeated, and from the Boy Brigade came the response. the response:
"We are enemies."

"But you are brothers—of the same human family," again spoke the angel of peace whose sweet young face looked down upon the aston-ished foes with heaven's serenity, while she ished foes with heaven's serenity, while she clasped her white hands over her breast, and pitching her voice into an appealing tone, cried out: "Oh, my brothers! red and white; cease your struggles here. You are all brave, but this is not an honorable battle-field."

"The red-men have dug up the hatchet," said a savage, in a clear, full tone that was distinctly heard by the Brigade.

"Then go to the woods and fight where the vanquished can have a chance for life," answered the fair unknown. "Already my red brothers have lost half of their friends, while my white brothers are strong as when they came.

white brothers are strong as when they came, to, red-men; take your boat and depart, and he Great Spirit will be pleased." the Great Spirit will be pleased."

Under any other circumstances the savages would have received this request with derision; but their loss of men and impending destruction made them more considerate of her appeals.

"If we leave here, the pale-faces will slay us,"

said a warrior.

"I, Heaven's Messenger of Peace and Mercy,
will, on behalf of my white brothers, promise
you a safe retreat from this island. The patees are not cowards, and they will respect a

"Fair bein'!" exclaimed old Joyful Jim, "of heaven, of earth, of air, or wharever ye mout be from, we have no respect for a red-skin, I am sorry to say; but we'd be wusser than heathens not to respect the wish of an angel, wouldn't we

"Why, then, have I been taken from my peo-de?"

the water obliquely, skimmed along the surface of the lake. This shot was immediately follow-"Why does the maiden pluck the rose from ed by two more that cut the water close to the sland ere the maiden on the rock came nearer

and said, in a natural tone:

zical look.
"Vishnia of the Valley," she answered, with

peace and glory of God, whe answered.

'But how came you here?" he asked.

"As I now depart," she said, and, tripping down from the wall, she sprung into a canoe, that was so small her robe almost concealed it from view. Then lifting a light paddle, and wishing our friends a God speed, she darted away over the waters with wondrous rapidity, and son disappeared from view.

and soon disappeared from view.

"Great shockin'!" exclaimed Joyful Jim,

"she's a sort of a star of the fust magnitude, ar'n't
she, boys! Eless my eyes, if I'd mind marryin'
such a woman as that, though I alers swore that
I'd never marry the pur—" I'd never marry the pur—"
"All aboard!" cried one of the boys, as they

launched the boat ready for departure.

The next moment all had embarked for the nearest point on the western shore of the lake, and where the tumult of battle had waged a few minutes before, the silence of death now reigned. reigned.

CHAPTER XV.

A SECRET COUNCIL. Maggie Harris was paralyzed by sight of the face she had seen in the water. Unable to move—unable to cry out, she sat motionless, with fixed eyes staring at the little patch of moonlight. But she saw the face of him she loved no more. The distance and gloom had enshrouded it, and her heart sunk in despondence.

Hawk-Eyes used the paddle nervously and awkwardly, which would have been evidence to any one versed in the nature of the Indian that he—the chief—was not a red-skin. Maggie mistrusted as much from the first; and as it gave her no relief to think that he was a white person in disguise, she dismissed the matter from her

Slowly they made their way toward the southern shore, and were already within the deep border of darkness that skirted the margin of the water when there was a sudden commotion alongside the boat; a dull heavy blow, a groan, and the fall of a body into the water. The boat rocked violently; Maggie was almost thrown into the lake, and before she could recover from her fright, a voice said:

"Maggie?" A low, subdued cry burst from Maggie's lips, for she recognized the voice as that of Sure Shot Seth. The youth had swam silently up to the boat, and by a well-directed blow knocked the chief overboard. Then, having made his presence known, he sprung into the boat, and, having addressed a few words of cheer and assurance to the maiden, took up the paddle and drove the hoat ashore.

drove the boat ashore.

Having landed and assisted Maggie from the cance, he conducted her rapidly away around the lake. He was satisfied that he had not slain

set a horde upon their trail; and so the greatest precaution and Liste were essential to escape.

They had gone but a short distance when the sound of voices fell upon Seth's ears. He stopped and listened, and, by the sound of the speakers' voices, discovered they were savages. A groan told him that there were wounded warriors among them; and he felt satisfied they were the Indians who had engaged his friends at the island. And this now forced the query upon him: who had been victors? his friends or the savages?

the savages?
A figure swept suddenly past them, going toward the Indians. His movements were heavy and clumsy—evidence of excitement and want and clumsy—evidence of exchement and want of savage precaution. He was no Indian; of this Seth was assured, and a moment later he found he was correct. The figure reached the Indians and began talking in plain English, but in an exited ton.

in an excited tone.

"Seth, do you not recognize that voice?" asked Maggie, clinging closer to her young friend.

"It sounds familiar, but I really can't place
it," answered Seth.

"It's the voice of Hawk-Eyes, that Boy Chief,

whom you threw overboard."
"Sorry, then, that I didn't kill him."
"Seth, he is not an Indian. He is a white boy in disguise," affirmed the maiden. boy in disguise," affirmed the maiden.
"What? Hawk-Eyesa white boy and a Sioux war-chief?" exclaimed Seth.

"Yes."
"Then we have more to fear than if he was a savage. A white Indian has a less human heart than a genuine Indian."
"Where, then, shall we go?" asked the maiden.

"Let us bear off to the left, and edge around to the north. There is no telling where we will be safe now. The wood is full of enemies, and the Agency closely besieged."

the Agency closely besieged."

"Seth, you are endangering your life for me," said Maggie; "it is better that I—"

"Not a word, Maggie," interrupted the gallant youth; "it is the greatest pleasure I ever enjoyed to be enabled to protect you. Moreover, I owe you all this; had it not been for you and Emma, I would have been slain there where Le Clercq and his companions bound me. It was your own hands, Maggie, that liberated me from that tree, and had you not gone there for that purpose you would never have been captured. So you see, I am indebted to you."

"I blame Ivan Le Clercq for all our present troubles."

troubles."
"And at the same time, Maggie, I can't say that I am sorry he acted as he did," said Seth, in a slightly hesitating voice.
"Why, Seth?" she asked, in surprise.
"Because I might never have met you."
"Oh!" she exclaimed, involuntarily, and some-"Oh!" she exclaimed, involuntarily, and something of the truth flashed across her mind, sending the warm blood coursing through her veins. They moved on a few moments in silence; but the thoughts of each were busy. A dezen times Maggie asked herself if Seth had been actuated in his motives of kindness toward her by a feeling gteater than friendship. She wanted only the assurance of this fact to make her supremely happy, notwithstanding their danger. On the other hand, Seth was laboring under the same anxiety and uncertainty.

other hand, Seth was laboring under the same anxiety and uncertainty.

Maggie was the first to break the silence.

"Have you seen Ivan Le Clercq since the shooting-match?" she asked.

"I have not; his four friends, however, were with your father and Tom Grayson this morning; but I gave them no chance to identify me, and I presume they all think Sure Shot Seth is dead."

dead."
"I hope Ivan and his friends may know no different until their conscience has punished them severely," said Maggie.
They moved slowly onward through the lonely halls of the forest. Weary miles were traversed; but they brought the ured fugitives to

o point of safety.

The morning dawn was fast breaking into the The morning dawn was fast breaking into the light of another day, when the glow of a fire burst suddenly upon their gaze. It was not more than twenty rods away, and it required no second glance to tell Seth that it was the campsecond glance to tell seth that it was the campsecond glance to tell seth that it was the campsecond glance to tell seth the campsecond glance to tell seth the campsecond glance to tell seth the campsecond glance to tell boys?"

"Yes, yes," was the unanimous response.

"Then, let my red brothers depart hence in peace," said the songstress.

The savages were only too glad to obey, and in

Seth was undecided as to the course he should pursue; but, before he could arrive at any conclusion, he saw a young Indian chief emerge from the woods beyond and approach the boys with quick strides.

Maggie uttered a little cry at sight of him, while Seth's hand sought the weapon at his belt.

belt.

It was Hawk-Eyes, the Boy Chief, who was welcomed by the four youths to their camp-fire.

CHAPTER XVI. A STARTLING DISCOVERY,

SURE SHOT SETH was astounded by what he had seen, and trembled for the safety of the fair girl at his side. They occupied a position not altogether secure from the keen eyes of a savage, and the first act of the youth was to retrace his footsteps and gain the friendly cover of a dense thicket. Then he turned to Maggie and said, in a subdued tone:

"Maggie, I must know more about those boys. There is some treachery going on, and if I can learn the object of their interview with the chief, I may be able to save those at the Agency. I am going to try to overhear their interview."

"Be very, very careful, Seth," Maggie answered.

with a word or two of caution, Seth moved away. Maggie watched him out of sight, then

He approached the party, keeping a clump of bushes between. He gained a position within ear-shot, and pausing, listened. He heard Hawk-

Eyes ask:

"Does the pale-face youths know that Sure
Shot Seth is dead?" He spoke in good English,
but in a tone evidently disguised and unnatural.

"We found the skeleton of one whom we believe was Sure Shot Seth," answered Rube John-

""
Son.
"Do the settlers mistrust anything of the truth?" the chief asked.
Seth saw at once that the chief was there to confer with the four boys by appointment, and that there was some kind of an understanding between them.

that there was some kind of an understanding between them.

"I am afraid they do," answered young Johnson; "just last night I had a conversation with Emma Milbank, and in speaking of Tom Grayson gittin' beat at the shootin'-match, she got mad as fire. You know what a little spitfire she is when she gits mad; and as she's sweeter'n maple molasses on Tom, why, she won't hear anything against him; and so she up and says: "you'd better not say much about that shootin'-match, for there's a secret connected with it that might hang somebody I know."

"Then, by heavens, she knows all about it!" exclaimed Hawk-Eyes, forgetting the dignity of his position as a war-chief, and betraying no little excitement and cowardly fear.

Seth started at the change in his voice.

the excitement and cowardly fear.

Seth started at the change in his voice.

"Yes," he heard Rube Johnson continue, "I believe she and Maggie seen Sure Shot Seth fied up to the tree, and know who did it."

"And as sure as it is found out, we'll all catch an invitation to court," said Gus Stewart.

"Between the Indians, and the fear of punishment, we'll have no rest for—well, God only knows how long," said Abe Thorne, in a tone of penitence. "I wish we had left him alone, for, after all, The-Eaglet-from-Sky-Puncher-Peak got the gun."

"Do not fear the Indians," said Hawk-Eyes, "for if you show them no hostility, I will as

"Do not fear the Indians," said Hawk-Eyes,
"for if you show them no hostility, I will as
sure you of their friendship."
"Good!" exclaimed Rube; "why not join the
Indians at once and be done with it?"
"That would never do. I want you to work
for me in the Agency. You can place both
Maggie and Emma in my power, and then you
will have nothing to fear from them. I expect
to remain an Indian chief. But a few days ago,
Hawk-Eyes, the Boy Chief, was slain, and I have
taken both his name and rank, and have sworn
to exterminate half of Minnesota's whites."

"Just so, my worthy young villain," aid Sure
Shot, to himself; "I think you'll have to swear
to that again."

"But," continued Johnson, "we are afraid to

to that again."

"But," continued Johnson, "we are afraid to return home, and had concluded to skulk and hide around in the woods until assured it'd be safe to go back."

"I think your friends have need of all their forces to keep the besiegers away, and that they'll have no time to investigate Sure Shot Seth's

"Well, we will hang around in the woods awhile, anyhow; and if the Indians capture the fort, we'll be outside," Rube put in.
"I'm for just going right home and makin' a clean breast of it all," said Abe Thorne, "and take the risk. We can tell om that we war in fun with Seth, and meb' y they'll let us off. I'd rather be shot than hidin' round in the woods rather be shot than main' round in the woods and startin' and shudderin' at every sound just

like a guilty murderer."

"Hear Abe whine, will you?" sneered Gus;
"he's been a-tryin' to crawfish in this matter
ever since last night."

"Boys, I have an old mother dependin' on me "Boys, I have an old mother dependin' on me for her daily bread, and I cannot desert her,"

Abe protested.
"Then I suppose you'll desert us, turn State's evidence, and let us swing," suggested Ches

"No, I will do no such thing; I want to git all out of this scrape in an honorable way," persisted Abe.
"You'll git out in no such way as you propose," replied Rube, indignantly, "for you can't make crime honorable."
"I'll honorable."

I have a right to do as I please," was Abe's realy. You may have the right, but not the liber-

ty," was the threat of Hawk-Eyes.

I want to do what is honorable with you all; but I will not be driven to add crime to crime.

but I will not be driven to add crime to crime. I have gone just as far as I'm going in this matter, and shall return to the Agency. If you fellers go with me, all right; if not, all right. I shall keep silent, however, until I am called upon to tell the truth in this matter."

"Yes, you confounded coward," exclaimed Rube, "you mean to betray us all."

"I mean to do just what I say, and you can't scare me into anything else either," was Abe's response, given in a tone of unflinching determination.

"Then go, seek your skim-milk mates—co!"

"Then go, seek your skim-milk mates—go!" and Rube spoke in a tone of authority.

Abe Thorne rose to his feet, his boyish face flushed with anger, and his eyes blazing with indignation. Abe had not been hopelessly lost in wickedness; nor had his companions; but he was, by nature, both kind and honest. He was rather wild and reckless, yet had no desire to commit crime; and he shrunk from the idea of trying to conceal the supposed death of Seth in the way proposed by Hawk-Eyes, the Boy Chief.

Taking up his rifle, the youth spoke a few parting words to his companions, then turned and moved away.

The eyes of the Boy Chief followed his retreating form with a florce, murderous look that caused Seth to start with sudden fear. That violence was uppermost in the young villain's mind there was not a doubt in the world.

Seth watched the conspirators until Abe was out of sight, then he turned and crept back to where Maggie was waiting for him.

"Maggie," he said, his voice betraying no little surprise, "I am completely shocked, for I have made a discovery that will no doubt surprise you. Ivan Le Clercq and Hawk-Eyes, the Boy Chief, are one and the same person!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 353.) Then go, seek your skim-milk mates go!

History informs us that the product of the silk-worm was first utilized in China 4,515 years ago, through the encouragement of the empress of Si-ling-Chi, to whom is attributed the invention of silk stuffs. The secret of silk-worm culture was finally stolen from China, and ultimately spread all over the globe; for twenty years, however, the Chinese kept the secret faithfully; death was the penalty which any one incurred who attempted to impart a knowledge to any outside nation, and their frontiers were guarded closely to prevent the secret from being carried abroad.

Noble obeyed, though with visible reluctance. The doctor touched Eatelle gently upon her hand. The doctor touched latelle gently upon her hand.

THE ANSWER.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

"Oh, may I not forget," she prayed,
"The strength of every word
Whereof my prayer to Thee is made,
But feel that strength, dear Lord!"

And, as she rose, an angel-touch Seemed printed on her brow; She knew she loved her Lord- how much, She had not known till now?

BIG GEORGE,

The Giant of the Gulch.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR., AUTHOR OF "LITTLE VOLCANO, THE BOY MINER," "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV-CONTINUED.

Woodpecker sat upon a little mound, listlessly watching the vigilantes gather d around old Bart. Their glances plainly revealed the subject of their consultation, and a faint smile flitted athwart his aggard features as he uttered:

"They ain't no call fer so much talk, gen'lemen, i ain't a-goin' to deny killin' that woman. I'm sorry she's dead. I wish she was alive this min-nit-"

I ain't a-goin' to deny killin' that woman. I'm sorry she's dead. I wish she was alive this minnit."

"What'd yer murder her fer, then?" domanded Bart. "An' her a poor, weak woman critter!"

"I wish she was alive this minnit," added Woodbeeker, paying no further attention to the interruption. "I wish she was alive this minnit, as's I could do it all over ag'in. Saltpeter told me he was satisfied, but I ain't. A hundred like her wouldn't begin to be pay fer my pard!"

"The critter's plum crazy!" muttered Gopher.

"No I ain't," quickly replied Woodpecker. "A crazy man couldn't 'a' done what I did. He couldn't 'a' seen them shadowy things when they brung Hammer Tom home. He couldn't 'a' follered them through the night on foot an' they a-critterback. A crazy man couldn't 'a' ketched him, an' killed him, an' fixed him uplike he' dearved Saltpeter."

"You kill-d that greaser, then?" asked Bart.

"Yes. I watched him put Hammer Tom down in the street. I follered 'em an' killed him. I kep' on after the rest, an' tracked 'em to this place. M' rid away, an' I follered her to Diamond Gulch, an' as day come I marked her face an' knowed her for Jaquin's wife afore he was killed. I see her fool you fellers. I watched my chaince, meanin' to strike her in the Gulch, but she slipped me. I follered her here. I entered after her, but couldn't find nobody but a old woman. She woke up, an' I hed to choke her to keep her from yellin'. Then a man came in, an' I follered him down-sta'rs. 'Twas the one they call Pepper-pot. She was thar, too. She was coaxin' him to kill the theayter gal, an' ef I hadn't plugged him, hed 'a' done it, too. Then I went ia. I fastened the door. I told her who I was, afore I killed her. That's all. I don't deny nothin'. Hang me ef you want to. I'm lout tired o' livin' anyway. They ain't no more fun fer me, now Petey's gone. 'Pears like I'd sooner die then to keep on livin'.

"He's plum crazy feller, even fer killin' a woman, kin we?"

"No, but he must leave these parts. A woman is a woman, even ef she did ki

cain't hang a crazy feller, even fer killin' a woman, kin we?

"No, but he must leave these parts. A woman is a woman, even ef she did kill Saltpeter an' Hammer Tom. They say she went crazy when Joaquin was killed, an' I reckon it's so. Now, old man," he added, as he turned to Woodpecker, "take your weepons. Mebbe you was right in avengin' your pard. But you've butchered a woman, an' I don't reckon these parts' do be healthy quarters fer you, a'ter this. You understand?"

"I'll go, thankse. I reck in Petey 'll be lookin' fer me," softly replied Woodpecker, taking his weapons and slowly moving away, never once looking behind him.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

The old Mission valley was a busy scene for the next few hours. Bart Noble found an abundance of work for himself and men. Their first care was for their wounded, and every sound man turned surgeon or surgeon or a sasistant for the nonce. This duty performed as thoroughly as lay in their power, a "graveyard" was started in the rear of the ruined building. A long trench was dug. Into this the dead miners were placed, covered with leaves and grass before the earth was shoveled in, and over all were piled heavy bowlders to baffle the prowling "olves. The bodies of Pepper-pot, Little Pepper and the slain Mexicans were dragged several hundred yards to a deep crevice in the rocks and unceremoniously flung in, to meet such fate as might befall. THE WAGES OF SIN.

en. She was a woman, he mater how she may hey sinned, an' bein' sech, I'm makin' her a coffin, sech as it is. They won't be so much trouble spent on "On, Big George. Your coffin'ill be the gizzards o' turkey-buzzards!"

His task completed. Bart tenderly composed the remains of ill-fated Clarina in the rude coffin, wrapping his blanket around all. The coffin was lowered into a separate grave by Bart and Gopher, surrounded by all of the miners who could walk. There was no prayer uttered, no tears shed; but each man bared his head with a gesture of respect. The sins were forgotten. They only remembered that a woman lay dead before them.

Bart's greatest trouble was caused by Estelle. Since she was carried forth from the dungeon where she had suffered such frightful tortures mentally, she sat like one in a waking trance. She could hear, speak and move; but her eyes were lusterless, her face dull and vacant. It was like a living corpse. Bart brewed a little coffse and some horse-beef broth, which she swallowed as bidden. He made her a couch of blankets beneath two saplings where a brush hut had been hastily erected, and she lay down and closed her eyes as he bade her try to sleep.

"I'm a feard she's gone plum crazy," he muttered to Gopher, stealing away from the little hut on tiptoe.

There was no intention of leaving the valley that

ptoe.
There was no intention of leaving the valley that There was no intention of leaving the valley that ght. Several of the wounded were too badhurt to bear transportation, and all were too eary and jaded to think of making a forced march, so of the captured horses was butchered, fires are kindled, and a rude supper prepared. Erethe in had disappeared behind the western hills for o hours, the entire camp was wrapped in slumr, excepting the wounded and the elected senti-

es sun was high over the hills the next morning a Bart Noble, with ten men escorting their pris-Big George and Estelle Mack, set out for Blue. The est of the party were to remain be-with the wounded until arrangements could erfected for their removal.

before mentioned, the trail was a long and dif-

As before mentioned, the trail was a long and difficult one, and the party made slow progress, not striking the valley which led to Diamend Gulch until high noon. Just as they filed into the valley Gopher uttered a low cry.

"They's a man jest dodged into yender bresh—"
"It's Doc Parmley," replied Bart, as the figure almost immediately reappeared, running swiftly toward them, uttering a loud cry of delight. "Glad to see ye, Doc—I be so! Thought you was done fer, though, when I had to leave ye behind—"
"Thank God!" ejaculated Little Cassino, ferently. "You have found her—safe and unharmed?"

ed?"

"I don't reckon she's got any wownds as the eye kin diskiver," replied Bart, drawing the doctor aside. "But jest look at her! She's been that way ever sence we found her. I'm sadly afeard she's clean gone, up here," and he tapped his fore-

head.
"Does ehe know about him—her husband?"
"Not from me. I was afeard to tell her. It'd kill her, sure' arnestly replied Bart.
"She will die unless we can do or say something to arouse her. She will sink and fade away like a plucked flower. Do you ride on a little distance and leave her to me. Don't stop to argue. There is only the one chance, and she will bear her loss better now than if we wait longer. Go—but be ready to ride back if I call you," hurriedly added Little Cassino.

to ride back if I call you," hurriedly added Lattic Cassino.

Noble obeyed, though with visible reluctance. The doctor touched Estelle gently upon her hand. She gazed at him, but there was no recognition in the glance. Then, in a low, clear voice he spoke He spoke like one describing a picture, but the subject was that of the real tragedy at the Temple. His voice grew more earnest as he repeated the last words of the dying gymnast.

Estelle started, as one just recovered from a profound slumber, and brushed a hand across her eyes. Then, as if shehad comprehended the terrible truth for the first time, a low, walling cry parted her lips, and she would have fallen from the saddle only for the eager arms which received her yielding form

cried Little Cassino, cheerily, as Bart Noble galloped back on witnessing the woman's fall. "It's all right—she'll waken in less than one hour, in full possession of her senses. She may have a spell of illness, but I reckon we can pull her through. The first thing is to get her where she can be put to bed. Tell the boys to work lively."

A couple of blankets were stretched between two of the steadlest horses, upon which Estelle was placed, then the little cavalcade once more resumed their course. In a measure relieved from their worst fears, Little Cassino and Bart interchanged brief sketches of their doings since parting.

sumed their course. In a measure reneved from their worst fears, Little Cassino and Bart interchanged brief sketches of their doings since parting.

"Then you hain't hearn nothin' of Dandy Dave? Et he only did the job all right, we won't be pestered no more with this outlit; two on 'em dead, Big George her. Red Pepper the r; that leaves Black repper for Dave. Et he only corrais him, won't we have a gay old hangin' spree!"

It was nearly sunset when the little party came tout in full view of the town. For some minutes back they had noticed a column of smoke rising high into the air, but paid little attention to the fact, as parties were frequently burning brush from their claims. But now—they saw a building wrapped in flames. And through the flery vail a wild, frightful figure was visible—the form of a man, wrapped in fire! Only for a moment was this visible. Then the roof fell in, with a furious storm of aparks and cinders.

"It's the 'boose—whar you said they put Red Pepper!" gasped lart, turning pale. "An' that was him—roasted alive!"

"He cheated therope; I am sorry for that, "sternly muttered Little Cassino, no ray of pity in his eyes. "He deserved it all—and more—a thousand times more!"

In a few minutes more they heard the whole story, and as they gazed upon the dead bodies lying in a row, nearly all present felt that the desperado had richly merited his frightful doom.

Little Cassino hastened at once to the hotel, where he ordered a bed prepared for Estelle. Here he found Josie and Bert Kendall, and to them he hurriedly told her sad story.

"You will be the kind nurse she so sadly needs," he added, addressing Josie. "I do not hesitate to ask the favor of you, as a right." Some day soon you will know why. I have work to do now—a black debt to pay. Come—I will take you to her room. You must love her as a sister. Come."

He left them together and hastened down into the town. He found Bart Noble greatly exoited. Nothing had been heard of Dandy Dave and his comrades. There could be but one solution. They had

"Wait," oried lattle Cassino, as Eart called for volunteers. "An hour more can make no difference. The matter is ended one way or another, long before this. Remember what we have sworn; that Big George should hang. The rest have escaped us by death; let us make sure of him now, lest the devil, his master, should aid him to cheat

lest the derit, instance the rope!"

That this speech chimed in with the popular opinion a wild chorus of cheers plainly evidenced, and Bart Noble gracefully yielded.

"All right—anything to please the children. But, boys, le's do the thing up in style. I wouldn't even hang a dog without givin' him a show fer justice. We'll rig up a court an try the cuss, ship-shape fashion.

fashion. "A healthy show!" snarled Big George, who lay near, bound hand and foot. "You've already sworn to hang me; so what's the use of wasting so much time? String me up and be done with it,

"You shall have a fair trial George Pepper," oldly replied Little Cassino. "And that is more than you ever gave your viotims."

"Bah! If you mean what you say, cast off these ropes, give me a pistol, a knife—nay, crippled and out to pieces as I am, I will fight the crowd with my bare hands and ask no odds! That is all the justice I ask!"

"And so cheat the hangman—rot much, George Pepper! Years ago I swore to hang you, and this day I will make that oath good. For years I have trailed you, feeling that my time would come—as it has, at last. Remember Logan county, Ken-

tucky—"
"My God!" gasped the outlaw, with a convulsive start. "Who and what are you!"
"My father's avenger," slowly replied Little Cas-

"My father's avenger," slowly replied Little Cassino.
Willing hands make quick work. A rude court was speedily arranged, with Bart Noble in the chair as Judge Lynch. There is no need of giving full details of the proceedings. Witnesses were called and gave in their evidence. Enough was proven aganist the prisoner to condemn him to death a dozen times. Last of all Little Cassine took the stand. He accused the prisoner of murdering his (the witness) father, nearly ten years previously, in Logan county, Kentucky.

Big George was asked what he had to say in defense.

Big George was asked what he had to say in defense.

"A great deal if I thought it would do any good.
But I know better. You have sworn my death, and though an angel should come down from heaven to testify to my innocence, you would laugh at his evidence. Go on with your rat-killing, gentlemen. A man I've lived and a man I'll die—game to the last!"

Bart Noble arose and rapidly summed up the evidence, ending by sentencing the prisoner to be hung by the neck until dead.

"Put him on a hoss, boys," cried Gopher. "A gentleman like him hadn't ought to be made walk, away to the rope. You skin out ahead, Jumpin

gentleman like him hadn't ought to be made walk even to the rope. You skin out ahead, Jumpin' Jack, an' rig the rope to the old tree—you know the one. Lively, now!"

Big George was placed on a horse, and the procession started for the place of execution; a huge oak-tree standing upon a little knoll south of town. When they reached the spot Jumping Jack had already performed his part, and the well greased noose hung ready for its victim.

Big George coolly glanced around him, over the crowd, a scornful smile curling his lip. He plainly meant to keep his word good—and die "game to the last."

"Gentlemen," cried Little Cassino, "I ask one favor of you. You all know how deeply this man has wronged me. I have sworn to hang him with my own hand. I beg permission to lead the horse from under him."

has wromen hand. I beg permassive my own hand. I beg permassive from under him.'
"The two-legged critter as objects has got to mount me!" fiarcely aried Cotton-top, flinging mount me!" fiarcely aried Cotton-top. down his hat.

A general permission was given, and Little Cassino fitted the noose around the outlaw's neck. But nothing more. With a loud laugh of triumph, Big George flung himself from the saddle and hung dangling in the air, his neck broken by the shock.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AFTER THE CLOUDS, SUNSHINE. IMMEDIATELY after the death of Big George-whose body was left dangling in the air, a feast for buzzards—a strong party of men under command of Bart Noble took saddle and rode rapidly away to ward Greaser's Flat, to solve the mystery of Dandy Dave's long delay. But when they gained the point from whence a first glimpse could be had of the Spanish Quarter, their worst fears were realized.

point from whence a first glimpse could be had of the Spanish Quarter, their worst fears were realized.

The sandy waste before them was dotted with prowling wolves and hovering vultures, snarling screaming and fighting over a tooth-marked skull, a fleshless bone or blood-soaked bit of clothing. Beyond lay the rude, filthy brush huts composing Greaser's Flat

Bart Noble spoke not a word as he glanced back at his followers. He saw that his wishes were theirs, and, giving his horse the spur, he thundered forward, revolver in hand. Across the sandy flat, over the bones of man and horse they charged, death in their glo 'ing eyes and hard-set features. On into the collection of hovels; then pulling up with hoarse oaths and curses of disappointed vengaance. No enemy confronted them. Greaser's Flat was forever deserted by its recent inhabitants. Dreading a swift retribution they had fled, only themselves knew whither.

Slowly the party rode back, leaving the toothpolished bones as they found them, unable to tell friend from foe, and resolved not to bury the bones of their enemies even if they had to leave those of their late comrades to whiten in the sun.

As they were returning to Blue Earth, a feeble hail was heard from among the hills to their left, and a ragged figure discerned upon a high rock, waving a bunch of grass as a signal to them. Ten minutes later they were eagerly listening to the story of Corn-cracker, the sole survivor of the fight at Greaser's Flat—the only one of the miners who escaped with life. His comrades all down, himself wounded in a dozen places, he had burst through the cordon of death and fled at the best speed of his wounded horse, closely followed by the infuriated Mexicans. His horse failing, he manged to seramble up the high table-topped rocks, where he managed to hold the enemy at bay for several hours, when, either disheartened by their severe loss or fearing a visit from others of the miners, the Mexicans abandoned the siege. Crippled, unable to even crawl, Corn-cracker passed the lo

Ished miserably.

There was one gleam of grim satisfaction in the black details. Corn-cracker declared that Black P pper was dead.

"Twas the last thing poor Dandy did. He jest nat ally blowed the dirty galoot's brains to thunder!"

my game.
"Then came the murder of old Webfoot, one of "Then came the murder of old webfoot, one of Love's men; you have heard of it. Other deaths followed. Some unknown and terrible avenger of Joaquin had arisen. I felt that I, too, was marked. I assumed a dozen different disguises—among them that of "Old Boots"—and divided my mind between the two pursuits: hunting for the murderer of our father, and trying to solve the mystery of that terrible avenuer.

the two pursuits; mutting for the murderer of our father, and trying to solve the mystery of that terrible avenger.

"Less than six months ago I heard of Big George and his brothers, and hastened hither. I played three differen roles here; as Little Cassino, the gambler and sport; Doctor Parmley and Old Boots. As the last, I gained admittance into Diamond Gulch, and there discovered enough to convince me that my suspicions were correct. I also saw her—Clarina—and recognized her by the description of Joaquin's last wife, given me by Little Volcano. I played the spy on the Peppers at every opportunity, and thus was enabled to foil them at several points. As Old Boots I made friends with their enemies, at Greaser's Flat, and through their aid made sure of Red Pepper. I had my plans all laid, but the strange disappearance of Estelle Mack disconcerted them. However, twas all for the best as it turned out. Father is avenged, and so are my old comrades; and now I feel that I can breathe freely once more, without expecting whenever I lie down to awaken with my head in my hand."

In a few words Bert Kendall explained the cause of their appearance at the mines. Losing their lit.

In a few words Bert Kendall explained the cause In a few words Bert kendall explained the cause of their appearance at the mines. Losing their little all by the failure of a bank, Bert resolved to try his fortunes at the mines. Josie persisted in accompanying him. They two were alone in the world. Neither of them had the faintest idea of what a rough element they would find themselves among at the digglings, but their eyes were speedily opened, after Bert had been forced to shoot two drunken diggers for insuiting Josie. Changing their location to Blue Earth, they changed Josie's sex, outwardly, at least, and she became "Soft Tommy."

"Towny."

"I've made a good thing of it, too, Frank," added Bert. "We've dug out nearly ten thousand dollars worth of dust, already. It's on deposit at Celestial City. There's where I was when Josie got into trouble. And she, too; do you know, Frank, the little witch has struck a lead."

"Now, Bert!" pouted Josie
"Never mind him, little one," laughed Frank.
"We know more than he does, don't wa? He wasn't at your 'house-warming,' was he!"

"If you say anything more, I'll make Estelle believe you are a perfect wretch—so there!' cried Josie, flushing.

lieve you are a perfect wretch—so there!' cried Josie, flushing.
Little Cassino suddenly grew sober, and there was strong feeling in his voice as he spoke.
"God willing, I mean to win her for my wife. I believe it was love at first sight with me, though I tried hard to smother it when I found she was already married. But mind, Josie. Never breathe a word to her of this. He left her in my care, and I would not have her take a dislike to me from the very first."

There is little more to be recorded. What few gaps are left the reader's imagination can close far more readily than can my pen.

For full two months Estelle lay hovering between life and death, but at the end of that time she team to mend, and on Thanksgiving day was well life and death, but at the end of that time she tegan to mend, and on Thanksgiving day was well
enough to act as bridesmaid at the wedding of Josie
Kendall with Bush Tipton. Soon after that they
took the stage for San Francisco, embarking from
thence for New Orleans, finally bringing up at their
old home in Kentucky. They were comfortably
rich, now, and soon found themselves comfortably
ensconced in the building formerly owned by their
murdered father.

For one year longer "Little Cassino" waited,
then opened his heart to Estelle, receiving the
sweet reward his long patience had deserved. They
were married, and I do not believe either of them
ever regretted the action.

As for Bart Noble, Cotton-top, Corn-cracker and
others who have played a more or less prominent
part in this story, nothing definite can be said here.

THE END.

A new story by Joseph E. Badger, Jr., will soon be given. It is one of exceeding novelty, originality and excitement of incident and action, in a field in which he has no rival.

A Chinese Juggler.

The emperor of all the jugglers (writes an Oriental traveler), magicians, necromancers, and conjurors, appeared; he commenced operations by placing his box in the center of the room; he then stripped off his jacket, thus appearing in a state of nudity from the waist upward, having a white cloth twisted round his loins. He next took his long tail of plaited hair, and twined it round his head; and being thus prepared, he opened his box, and took therefrom an ordinary basin or bowl, of about eighteen inches in diameter, closed the lid of the box, leaving it exposed completely to our view; he then walked round the room, allowing each individual separately to inspect the basin and handle it—the whole of the time talking in his native language, which we afterward learned was a species of incantation. We were all sufficiently satisfied that the basin was an ordinary one, and perfectly empty. He THE emperor of all the jugglers (writes an Ori-We were all sufficiently satisfied that the basin was an ordinary one, and perfectly empty. He then placed it on the floor, about five feet from the box, untwisted the cloth from round his waist, which was in size about a yard and a half long, by one yard wide, and which he threw over the basin, spreading it out, continuing during all the time his mumbling. In about half a minute he raised the cloth from the basin, exposing it to view, when lo and behold! to our astonishment, it was filled with limpid water, and a fish of three or four inches long was swimming fish of three or four inches long was swimming about in it!

He took up the bowl, and handed it to each spectator, as he had previously done, and we satisfied ourselves that there was no deception, but that the water was indeed veritable, and the fish that the water was indeed veritable, and the fish a living one! How this was accomplished we leave it to others more learned in necromantic arts to solve; but this is certain, that there was no false lining or bottom to the basin; and it was impossible to have changed the vessel, or to have put anything into it, as the performer did not approach it from the time of placing it upon the floor until after he had withdrawn the cloth, and we had seen the limpid water in it.

After we had sufficiently satisfied ourselves, by examining the contents of the basin, he replaced it in the box, and took therefrom a green flower-pot, filled with mold, which was about

lower-pot, filled with mold, which was about twenty inches in hight, and eighteen inches in diameter. Holding this in one hand, and exhibiting what appeared to be an ordinary seed in the other, he handed them round for inspection after the previous fashion; he then made a cav-

That same night three persons were sitting to gether in one of the roomast the hotel; Josia Rendall and her brother Bert, with Little Cassin.

The stelle Mack was sleeping from the effects of a soporific administered by the doctor.

"Will explain my words—what I meant by saying that I had a right to ask a favor of you, Josia ("began Little Cassino." I don't much wonderfully during the past ten years—what I meant by saying that I had a right to ask a favor of you, Josia ("began Little Cassino." I don't much wonderfully during the past ten years—what I meant by saying that I had a right to ask a favor of you, Josia ("began Little Cassino." I don't much wonderfully during the past ten years—which is the cutting the past ten years—which the cloth, and we beheld a young determine the country of the withdrew the cloth, and we beheld a young and the province of the winderfully during the past ten years—which had been a shown the flower-pot, which leaves folded about two minutes, after which the cloth, and we beheld a young and the same of the recognize you and the story. I was not ready to reveal myself, but little was said that has any bearing upon the story. Enough that Little Cassino, or Frank Kencall, togic him the name that he was christened with, was warmly greeted by his half-sister and brother, he children of his father's second wife. The country of the second wife, and horder, the children of his father's second wife. The was not lee—so the officers of justice, shough little thought so many years would and hapse before I kept my yow, when I bade you good by. It seemed a foolia thask I had set myself. There was no clue—so the officers of justice, shough little thought so many years would have been any some screed young a story to trace my country with which to follow them, or the danger in the long search. Enough that I became a gambler, as they had before me, the better to dog their steps. Year after year I hunted them, and in the same and the proof against we could read the search of the wear and an annith a

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BY JOH JOT. JR.

To pass a lady on the street And bow politely to her, Then find that you're mistaken sore, And that you never knew her.

To see a dun come down the walk, And dodge across the street,
So you will not disturb his mind—
And there another meet.

To spread yourself when out to dine Like other men of note, And then before the ladies drink Your tea down the wrong throat.

To talk against an absent man In language that doth sere, And then be tenderly informed A relative is near.

To sit down in a railroad ear By a young lady s side, And the first thing she says to you Is that it's occupied.

Or to an aged woman yield Half of the seat, and find A younger and a prettier one Left standing up behind. To tell your partner at the dance

That you cannot discern A pretty face in all the throng, And fail excepting "her'n."

To think you're going down the street Cutting a figure quite, When your coat-collar 's sticking up, And back 's all over white.

To try to leave the room at dark—And, worst of human woes,
Feel all about you for the door,
And find it with your nose. To holloa at the man before

Whom you a friend believe, And find out when he turns around That appearances deceive. To follow up a scandalous tale

That's going round on you,
And when at ast you run it down,
Find out that it is true!

Great Captains.

BLUCHER. 'MARSHAL FORWARD.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND

To class Blucher with great captains is to ac To class Blucher with great captains is to accord him too much eminence, since, in planning empaigns or acting independently, he was not comparable even with most of Napoleon's or the Car Alexander's marshals. He was, however, an illustrious soldier, whose name and fame were not only dear to Prussians but became of world-wide celebrity. He was simply a hard fighter—a man not only insensible to personal danger but of a tenacity of will that won for him among his soldiers, the sopriquet of Rulldanger but of a tenacity of will that won for him, among his soldiers, the sobriquet of Bulldog of the Rhine, while his readiness to go into fight, and his precipitancy in march, gave him, later, among leaders, the significant title of "Marshal Forward." To Napoleon, however, he was "The Old Devil"—le vieux diable—and to the world he now appears as one of the most prominent personages of an era that almost swarmed with celebrated military characters.

Lebrecht Von Blucher was born Dec. 16th.

swarmed with celebrated military characters.

Lebrecht Von Blucher was born Dec. 16th,
1742, at Rostock, a town lying near the shores
of the Baltic, in Mecklenburg. He came of
honorable family—of Grosen Rensow. His father was captain of cavalry in the forces of
Hesse-Cassel. He thus came naturally to think
of the army as a profession, but turned soldier
much too soon for his father's plans for his son's
education. He sent the lad to the island of Rugen for private tuition, but there the sight of
some Swedish hussars was too much for his duty some Swedish hussars was too much for his duty to parents or teachers, for, despite their remon-strance, he enlisted in the Swedish service as cornet, in a regiment of hussars, being but four-

cornet, in a regiment of hussars, being but four-teen years of age.

Sweden was then in the alliance with Russia and Anstria against Frederick II. of Prussia, and the "Seven Years' War" was just opening. The boy, thus in arms against his own sover-cign, was taken prisoner in his very first adven-ture in Pomerania, by the regiment of which he afterward became the distinguished leader—the Black Hussars. Its colonel, Von Belling, pleas-ed with the lad's spirit and frankness, induced him to enlist in his regiment, giving in exchange a Swedish officer.

sars grew to be one of Frederick's most effic sars grew to be one of Frederick's most efficient corps, and fought with such splendid valor as to win laurels on every field. Its thinned ranks were filled up with chosen men and its officers were promoted from the ranks for distinguished merit. Young Blucher's undaunted courage and devotion to duty had a reward in his adva ment in three years to the senior captaincy. Then occurred a vacancy by the major's death. Promotion in order indicated young Blucher for the vacancy, but birth now set aside merit; a young nobleman took the place. Blucher remonstrated, and the whole vacancy. and the whole regiment resented this innovation upon usage in the renowned corps; but this did not effect the removal of the titled officer; so the young captain sent in a request to the king to be permitted to resign, and received this charac-

teristic answer:
"Captain Blucher has permission to quit my service, and he may go to the devil if he thinks

He didn't "go to the devil," however, but re tired to the duchy of Silesia, and, with a kind of flerce zeal, devoted the succeeding fifteen years of his life to tilling the soil and acquiring an es-

tate. In this he was eminently successful.

The war went on. Frederick, alone, and with magnificent generalship, won his fight with the three powers, and the world willingly conceded him the title of The Great. Prussia, devastated by armies, and almost shorn of its young men b the sacrifices of the war, began to recover he prosperity, and the captain-farmer seemed lost from sight forever in the plodding pursuit of planting and reaping, when Frederick the Great died (1786) to be succeeded by Frederick William

This gay prince, who had known and admired Blucher, at once called him from his acres to make him major of the Black Hussars; but, not until him major of the Black Hussars; but, not until Frederick, in 1792, proposed and effected the coa-lition against France, did the regiment seesevere service. Then followed the irruption of the French and the battles of Orchies, Luxemburg, Frankenstein, Oppenheim, Kirchweiler, and Ed-isheim. In each of these he participated, and rose, by force of his "genius for fight," to a bri-gade command. At the flerce battle at Ley-stadt, (Sept. 18th, 1794.) he won new laurels by the terrible vigor of his onslaught. He was the terrible vigor of his onslaught. He was made major-general of the army of observation in the lower Rhine, after peace with France, (1795). Prussia, thereafter, kept clear of the "alliances" against France, until 1805, when Frederick William III. was forced by Russia to ion in a new coalition against Navoleon whose Frederick William III. was forced by Russia to join in a new coalition against Napoleon, whose tremendous strides in power and conquest made him the standing menace to the other powers. This coalition resulted in precipitating upon Prussia the utmost strength of the French emperor. The splendid corps of Soult, Murat, and Bernadotte, led by Napoleon in person, with Davoust in command of the right wing, invaded Prussia, by way of Saxony, and Davoust struck Blucher's corps at Auerstadt, Oct. 14, 1806, while Napoleon, with the main body, fought the bloody battle of Jena, and, by a signal victory, opened the way to Berlin, which city he proceeded to occupy and retain until 1809. Blucher, cut off from the main army under Prince Hohenlohe, which Napoleon had defeated at Jena, tried to make a junction with it, and thence to retreat to make a junction with it, and thence to retreat northward into Pomerania. But the prince was closely pursued, and, penned up in Prenzlau, had to surrender. This compelled Blucher to "cut and run" for Mecklenburg, where a new battle-front behind the river Trave was presented. Blucher threw his corps into Lubeck. to make a junction with it, and thence to retreat

That place the French assailed with overwhelming force. Blucher was overcome and escaped, with a remnant of histroops, but was headed off and surrendered at Ratkau, (Nov. 6th, 1806), havand surrended at tackat, (100, 100), having ing inserted in the article of capitulation the following: "The capitulation was offered to him by the Prince of Ponto-corvo, and he accepted it

Napoleon treated the sturdy cavalryman with studied politeness. The motive uppermost in that consummate tactician's mind was to alienate

that consummate factician's mind was to alienate the Prussian leaders and enlist them against Russia—an object only too successful with many less heroic souls than that of Blucher. He was steadfast as iron, and being soon exchanged for General Victor, he started for Strabsund, to aid the Swedes in holding that city.

The peace of Tilsit, (July 1st, 1807,) so humiliating to Frederick William III., left Prussia at peace—under a French occupancy of Berlin. But Blucher was so intractable that, at Napoleon's instigation, he was dismissed from a service that brought deep chagrin to every patriotic German; and, in company with several other distinguished officers, he retired wholly from any participation in affairs, and for several years was heard of no more. In the campaign against Russia, of 1812, when Prussia and Austria sustained France, he took no part. In 1813, after Napoleon's awful disaster in Russia, and the retreat from Moscow witnessed the first serious blues at his supremacy over Europe the tria sustained France, he took no part. In 1813, after Napoleon's awful disaster in Russia, and the retreat from Moscow witnessed the first serious blow at his supremacy over Europe, the Prussians arose almost en masse against their conqueror, whose yoke they had worn for nearly six years. Blucher was called from his retirement. Though then seventy years of age he still was in full vigor of mind and body. Assuming command in chief of the Prussian army, with a corps of Russians, under Winzingerade, he took the field against the French, still exceedingly powerful and confident. The battle of Lutzen (May 2d, 1813,) was the first of the rapid series to follow. Napoleon commanded in person, having brought in an entirely new army of 350,000 men, resolved to retain his German possessions, to regain his protectorate over Prussia and to force the Czar Alexander to a peace honorable to France—thus leaving the French emperor master of Europe. Blucher was beaten back, but, as usual with him, he retreated, saving men and guns, and was in fighting order the next day. His heroism was so conspicuous that the czar bestowed on him the Order of St. George. In the battle of Bautzen (May 21st) Blucher was again beaten back—not defeated; his army was intact, cheerful and steadily growing in strength by reinforcements—Napoleon's German allies coming over to the Prussians in great numbers.

Austria, neutral in this contest, now proposed an armistice. This was acceded to, but all efforts

great numbers.

Austria, neutral in this contest, now proposed an armistice. This was acceded to, but all efforts to induce Napoleon to accept the Rhine as the boundary of France failed; so, the armistice to induce Napoleon to accept the Rhine as the boundary of France failed; so, the armistice having expired (Aug. 10th), Austria joined the coalition against Napoleon, and a series of terrible conflicts occurred at and around Dresden (Aug. 24th, 25th, 27th) in which the French held the vantage. But disasters only added new resources to the allies, and Napoleon, by several heavy losses, was finally given a crushing blow by Blucher on the Katzbach, which threw the French backward—the beginning of their retreat from Prussia and Germany.

At Leipsic Napoleon resolved upon a desperate

At Leipsic Napoleon resolved upon a desperate stand. Oct. 16th and 18th two prolonged and sanguinary conflicts took place, in which Blucher was especially distinguished. The vanquished French now retreated toward the Rhine—leaving twenty-five thousand French in Leipsic, prisoners to the allies. That retreat was expended. ing twenty-five thousand French in Leipsic, prisoners to the allies. That retreat was a second Moscow to the French, and the emperor reached the Rhine with only about seventy-five thousand men—all that remained of his new army of three hundred and fifty thousand.

Passing this remnant over the river, Napoleon again hastened to Paris to recruit another army.

rassing this reimant over the river, Napoleon again hastened to Paris to recruit another army. But the allies were prompt to press their advantage. Blucher as "Marshal Forward," with two Russian, two Prussian, one Hessian and one mixed corps, crossed the Rhine Jan. 1st, 1804, to march on Paris. After some severe reverses, dealt by the now desperate emperor with a skill that has no parallel in modern warfare—the old Prussian was before the French capital the last of March. On the 30th the allied army made its grand assault at Montmartre, which gave the finishing blow to Napoleon's power. On the 31st the Czar Alexander, the king of Prussia, and Old Blucher rode into Paris, at the head of their army. Napoleon abdicated April 4th, and on May 4th landed in Elba—his island home which the allied powers had assigned as his sole realm. The czar, the king of Prussia and Blucher passed over to London, in June—where the old hero created immense enthusiasm among all classes of people.

of people.

Blucher, now covered with honors, and made Prince of Walstadt by his grateful sovereign, retired to his Silesian farm, only to be called to the field again when Napoleon burst his bonds and suddenly reappeared in France, in March, 1815, to resume the reins of government and bid defiance to his enemies. The allies were quickly in arms. Blucher was given chief command of the Prussian and German corps, about eighty thousand men, and started, in June, to join Wellington in the Netherlands. Napoleon, with two corps, struck him at Ligny, June 16th, and administered, as he supposed, a severe defeat. Old Blucher was reported as killed, at which Napoleon very naturally expressed great satisfaction, as he turned to fall upon Wellington, at Waterloo, leaving Grouchy, with thirty thous-Waterloo, leaving Grouchy, with thirty thousand men, to "attend to the Prussians." Fatal mistake. Old Blucher had been down on the mistake. Old Blucher had been down on the field of battle, lying under his dead horse, while six regiments of cuirassiers rode over the field where he lay. After they were gone he got up, rejoined his corps, which had simply been pressed back, left one division to "attend to Grouchy," and started after Napoleon in hot haste. How he came up at the critical moment, on the evening of the eventful day of Water-loo (June 18th), we have related in our sketch of Wellington. He administered the finishing blow, and a dreadful blow it was.

Sixteen regiments of hussars pursued all that

Sixteen regiments of hussars pursued all that moonlit night, and their path was literally lined moonlit night, and their path was literally ined with the French dead—a most awful vengeance upon the once invincible Old Guard and the legions of veterans who had made the French name so glorious. Early on the 19th the whole Prussian army was headed for Paris, and refusing every and all suggestions of armistice or arrangement, the Old Hussar entered the city in a mood so fierce that he was not easily pacified. His mercy for those who had broken oath and pledge was a court-martial and a firing platoon. He tarried in Paris several months, and thence once more sought his Silesian home—bearing the new decoration, invented expressly for him, of the Order of the Lyon Cross

new decoration, invented expressly for him, of the Order of the Iron Cross.

Blucher lived until Sept. 19th, 1819. His last years were made very pleasant and notable with the honors shown him by every class and con-dition of his countrymen, and to this day no name in German history excites more pride and enthusiasm among the Saxon race.

Stories of Chivalry. THE SILVER MASK.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

"FLOWERS! flowers de Italia!" cried a sweet voice, in the flower-market of Florence.

"None, my little girl," said one of two handsomely-dressed men whom she had addressed with her usual call.

with her usual call.

"If not for yourselves, signores, buy a bouquet for your sweethearts," the flower-vender persisted, with a winning smile.

But the man shook his head, as he lowered a bunch of flowers which he had been admiring, as if to please the girl.

The fellow addressed as Guilliame did not reply, but darted the girl a singular look, as he permitted his comrade to draw him from the

Their faces are alike, boy," the petulant

"Their faces are alike, boy," the petulant Florentine said.
"But she was so lovely."
"I can find lovelier girls in the fish markets."
"Nonsense! she looked like the flowers which she was selling."
Signor Tinto bit his lip, and cast a furtive glance over his shoulder at the girl, whose eye was following them.
He was too far away to note the pallor that chased the ruddy hue from her cheeks.

chased the ruddy hue from her cheeks.

Half an hour later Guilliame stood before the grrl again. Her stock of flowers had dwindled grrl again. Her stock of flowers had dwindled to a few bunches, which had been picked over, for Florence was in the midst of a carnival, and the beautiful bouquets found a ready sale. The Italian made several purchases that delighted the girl, and drew her into conversation.

He discovered that her name was Tinnette, and that she lived in a poor quarter of the city, where she supported her aged mother by her daily sale of flowers.

Her youthful beauty was striking enough to captivate such a man as Guilliame Raphia, and he did not desert the stall until he had purchased the last flower, and showered sequins into Tinnette's purse.

he did not desert the stall until he had purchased the last flower, and showered sequins into Tinnette's purse.

As he walked away, reluctantly, he did not dream of the tragic manner in which his new acquaintance was destined to end.

He sought his luxurious lodgings in the most fashionable quarter of the beautiful Italian city, and prepared for the masque which was to be given that night in honor of the carnival. He threw the flowers upon the dressing-stand, and cast a smile upon them. Somehow or other the image of little Timette clung to his thoughts, and he saw her while he robed himself in the costume of an ancient harper.

"It will do me no good to think of her," he suddenly exclaimed. "There are hundreds of such girls in Florence. I must dismiss you, fair Tinnette. No doubt you possess a lover whose circumstances are as humble as your own. But, I could love you, girl, though I am far above you in station; yet I dare not! Guilliame Raphia possesses the family pride. He can not be the laughing-stock of Florence."

The carriage that dashed from the Florentine's steps, bore to the masquerade the soi disant harper. who was stared at by the many

tine's steps, bore to the masquerade the soi disant harper, who was stared at by the many masks already assembled as he entered, seeming-

masks already assembled as he entered, seemingly bent double with age.

It was a grand gathering. The wealth, beauty and love-makers of the gay capital were there, each face masked and well hidden. The vast rooms were filled with the noisy, chattering throng, while some had sought the balcony that overlooked the water, sleeping like a child in the mellow moonlight. The night was one of Italy's balmiest, and the strains of music that floated aloft to die among the stars, as it were, seemed to come from harry of inspiration.

"There it goes again—the silver mask!" said Guilliame Raphia, as a boyish form brushed the folds of his harper's hood. The face was concealed by a silvery mask, that glittered in the lamplight like a piece of costly silk.

The harper gazed after the mask until it was lost amid the throng that swayed from wall to wall with laughter and voluptuous song.

He followed with a gait altogether too nimble for an aged musician, and found himself in the largest of one of the carnival halls. Casting his eye about, he espied the object of his errand and silently approached.

The Silver Mask did not court the company that Guilliame axtended but ventured to with.

eye about, he espect the object of his circums silently approached.

The Silver Mask did not court the company that Guilliame extended, but ventured to withdraw. But the eager Florentine restrained the figure, and looked into the deep eyes that peeped from the sheen.

"One request, fair mask," he said, half pleadingly.

"Let me stand beside you when we un-

"No, signor," was the reply, spoken in evident fright. Guilliame started, and quickly drew the slender form to him, while his lips touched the

mask's ear.
"I know you, Tinnette! I bought your flowers to-day; but do not fear. I will not betray

ors to-day, but do not sell you."

The next moment the Silver Mask had torn itself from the harper's embrace and was lost to his sight.

"What! that beautiful young girl here!" he exclaimed, almost bewildered by his discovery.

"I wonder what nobleman is her protector! This night I will find out. It is near midnight; then we unmask—then I will know who her lover is."

The moments passed wearily to the interested Italian. The carnival had lost its charms, and his harp no longer delighted the revelers with its sweet music. From room to room he sought the Silver Mask, and finding it not, was about to conclude that his discovery had frightened it from the palace, when some unaccountable some-

thing drew him to the balcony.

As it was near the midnight hour, the moon sinking toward the water threw its light upon but half of the structure. Guilliame found himself in the shadow as he stepped without

noise upon the porch.

No sound arrested his attention, until he heard low voices, and suddenly discovered that the balcony was occupied by others beside himself. He saw two figures leaning over the railing. The moonlight fell upon their bodies, and the witness started when he saw that one was the ost mask.

Tinnette's companion was clad in the garb of

an Italian bandit, and looked one with his costly plume and glittering sash. Tall and manly he looked as he suddenly assumed an erect position, and Guilliame noted his massive chest and strong

I wouldn't give a fig for such love as yours!"

"I wouldn't give a fig for such love as yours!"
the brigand said to his companion. "You are
fickle—like April suns. You know with whom
I saw you this night."
The Silver Mask did not reply.
"It is enough, Tinnette!" the man continued.
"Did I not say long ago that you should never
turn from me and live to make me the fool of
Florence?"

"But, signor—"
"Signor? It was not signor before he crossed your path!" the man said, bitterly. "I want no fawning now. To-night you would cry forgiveness on my shoulder; to-morrow talk love with him in the public market."

His last wayds he nede the listener start and his

His last words made the listener start, and his hand crept to the hilt of the sword concealed beneath his harper's cloak.

neath his harper's cloak.

There was a moment of silence. The Silver Mask was looking away—far over the river, as it seemed—while the bandit's flerce eyes showered baleful light upon her.

"No!" he suddenly cried, grasping the mask's shoulder and tearing her from the railing.

"There is a place where foolish girls cannot jilt noblemen. You have made love in the market for the last time! Now down to the river, whose silver waves roll over hates and loves alike!"

With almost supernatural strength the Silver Mask was jerked into the air, and the maddened

man spring to the edge of the balcony.

One moment he stood there, with the girl poised above his plumes, then a wild cry full of vengeance startled him, and he turned like a lion at bay upon the sword that flashed in his But his hands were empty. The dark object

descending like a spent rocket toward the river was the Silver Mask! was the Silver Mask!

He uttered a cry of joy when he noted the harper, who stood erect in his presence with sword unsheathed and epithets on his madden-

ed lips.
"Draw, villain!" cried Guilliame. "For that dastardly crime you shall forfeit your worth-

Sword struck sword in the light of the silvery moon, and the conflict that followed was brief and terrible. For Guilliame's steel, impetuous and invincible, tore the other from its owner's grasp, and the cap of plumes fell over toward the south-east. About noon our guide Sword struck sword in the light of the sil-

not afford to ogle flower girls in the public mar- the balcony and downward like a stricken

eagle.
"Mercy, Guilliame!" gasped the vanquished mask, at whose breast the Florentine's point was thrust. "I am your friend Tinto."
"My direst foe since you have robbed me of Tinnette!" was the implacable reply. "Over the balcony! I disdain to spill a drop of your blood."

Tinto standing revealed before his infuriated friend plead for mercy. As well might he have prayed to the walls of the palace.

"Over! or, by the holy lights in heaven! I'll hand you over to the rack!"

The murderer gnashed his teeth and climbed over the railing. His face was white, and he still looked, but in vain, for a spark of mercy in Chrillenger over.

ver mask that, saturated with water, clung to the face like a shroud, a general exclamation

Tinnette, the flower-girl!" The poor men bore her body home while another party, belonging to their class, stood over the handsomely-dressed figure of the villain

Among the many people who flocked to see it as it lay exposed for a time by the authorities was one who, after viewing it for a moment, murmured, as he turned away:

"He didn't jump far enough from the bal-

The two deaths puzzled the authorities, and the annual pension which Tinnette's mother received to the day of her death never revealed the name of its donor.

At last the old woman died, and the hands that paid for her burial were the same which had avenged the death of her daughter.

Florence at last seemed to find a clue to the tragedy of the bal masque when over the heart of a nobleman, killed in a duel, was discovered a tiny silver mask. But the clue proved to be a will-o'-the-wisp, for the bloody lips of Guilliame Raphia would not solve the mystery.

Adrift on the Prairie: THE ADVENTURES OF FOUR YOUNG NIMRODS.

BY OLL COOMES.

IX.—SURROUNDED BY FIRE—AN AWFUL SPECTACLE.

THE day dawned warm and pleasant. The purple haze of autumn seemed to have grown denser during the night. The air was soft and balmy. The voices of day seemed toned down to a mellow cadarage.

we could see the smoke curling from the In-We could see the smoke curling from the Indian vigwams as usual, and, after breakfast was over, we all went up to camp. We were received very coolly, though with as much honor and kindness as could be expected of the redmen after the night they had passed through. They were all moving quietly about; the women were engaged in the preparation of breakfast; the children were at play, and the men were walking about exercising their sore joints and stiff limbs after the night's debauch. Some of them bore fearful signs of the effect of their spree. Nothing was to be seen of the dead woman or her husband. Only a dark, glossy spot near the camp-fire told where the earth had drunk up the blood of the murdered squaw.

We made no inquiries, and after an hour's visit returned to our own camp and made preparations for another day's hunt on Swan Lake.

Uncle Lige signified his willingness to remain and take care of the camp. George complained of feeling indisposed and concluded to stay with him. The rest of us set out for the lake. Bob and I took to the boat, while Jim remained on shore. Our success was unusually good and we were surprised that we did not hear the report of Jim's young howitzer. When we returned to camp along toward evening we found Jim had preceded us there, empty-handed, by more than dian vigwams as usual, and, after breakfast was over, we all went up to camp. We were re-

amp along toward evening we found Jim had receded us there, empty-handed, by more than we hours. He was looking unusually gloomy, while it was just the reverse with George.

Things continued so, too, until near the close of day, when we heard Jim call George aside. They walked off a ways along the margin of the woods and sat down.

We knew, or at least suspected, that there was something not altogether right between the boys, and so Bob concluded to slip around and learn, if possible, what the trouble was. He gained a position within ear-shot of thom in time to hear Jim saying:

"It is no use for you to deny it, George; I heard you talking to Uncle Lige, when I came up from the lake, about his family; and I heard you ask something about her."

"I admit " multid G." "I admit," replied George, "that I was asking

him about his family just for the sake of con For nothing else! Honor-bright, now.

George."

"I'm telling you the gospel truth, Jim."

"George, don't you kind o' like that girl?"

"She's pretty, I admit, and—"

"But don't you love her?"

"Ho! ho! Jim! such a thing never entered had But I see now what you are driving

"Ho! ho! Jim! such a thing never entered my head. But I see now what you are driving at; you are in love with Miss Ruby, and think I am also. James, I will not lay a straw in your way to the door of her heart."

"All right; I will depend on this. But mind, if you should conclude to change your decision, and beat me in this case, as you have at everything else, it will not be good for you. You know you expect to teach the Stony Point school this winter, and if you dare to—"
"Ah! you threaten me." Ah! you threaten me.'

"Yes, if you go back on me at Uncle Lige's.
You know what you drank out of the coffee-pot, and what you said when you couldn't catch a fish, don't you? Wouldn't these things whisper-ed abroad be sufficient to call in your certifi-cate? Think it calmly over once." cate? Think it calmly over once."
"Jim, I tell you it will be all right at Uncle

Lige's so far as I am concerned, and that I prom-I want you to promise me one thing more.' "That you won't say anything about this to

George gave the promise and the two returned to camp. Bob came in from a different di-rection, and Jim will never know, unless he should read these lines, that his words had been

That night each one took his turn in standing uard, and during the midnight watch a sound, esembling a distressed groan, was heard afar off in the woods; and, although the sound was not repeated, we could not believe otherwise than that it was human.

The following morning we decided to break camp and move over on the deer-range between the Purgatory and Hell sloughs. We had grown tired of Swan Lake and duck-hunting. We longed for a new field and a change of game, and so by sunrise we were on our way across the prairie.

across the prairie In order to head the Purgatory we were com pelled to make a wide circuit toward the north; and even by this course our journey was attended with considerable difficulties from the low.

announced that we had reached the outskirts of the deer-range, and so we halted and again went into camp on the open prairie, with the rather startling assurance that we were now between the Hell and Purgatory.

We were now compelled to use considerable economy in fuel, as we were a long ways from timber, with but a meager supply in our wagon. Provender for our animals was also scarce, but we overcame want by picketing our horses out where they could crop the dry prairie grass, which, even after the heaviest autumnal frosts, retains some nutriment.

etains some nutriment.

After we had partaken of a late dinner, we all

The murderer gnashed his teeth and climbed over the railing. His face was white, and he still looked, but in vain, for a spark of mercy in Guilliame's eyes.

"Farewell!" said the victor. "There are rocks along the shore. If you jump far out you have a chance for life. Now jump, my linto!"

Guilliame raised his sword as he uttered the command, and with a bitter oath the murderer leaped out into the air.

After we had partaken of a late dinner, we all shouldered our guns and set off on the hunt of deer, going in pairs. Jim and I made our way eastward until we reached the margin of the other slough, when we stopped to contemplate the scene and review our past record.

The marsh, or slough, was over a mile wide, and overgrown with a dense body of black reeds. The water in it was deep and dark, and full of croaking frogs. A slight wind was blowing from the south, and creeping among the dense reeds with a pent-up roar.

Vinto!"

Guilliame raised his sword as he uttered the command, and with a bitter oath the murderer leaped out into the air.

Down, down he went, till the night lost him to the victor's sight, and the faint echo of a splash came up from below.

Guilliame, the Florentine, turned away and sought the lighted rooms. But he did not tarry there. His figure was soon missed, and his carriage bore him back to his lodgings.

A trio of fishermen drew a body from the water on the following morning. At first they called it a little page; but when one raised the silvuck-shot. The wind being across their course, we had no fears of the animals detecting our

to our guns, which were heavily charged with buck-shot. The wind being across their course, we had no fears of the animals detecting our presence, and when they were within forty paces of us we rose to our feet. They turned abruptly aside at sight of us, when each one poured a double charge into his deer.

One of the animals fell dead in its tracks—the

ther made a few desperate leaps forward, reel-d and fell. Jim hastened forward with drawn nife to cut their throats. He thus served one knife to cut their throats. He thus served one of them, and was approaching the second—a large buck—when the animal staggered to its feet and made a lunge at him, striking with its hoofs with all the vicious desperation of its power. Jim sprung back and eluded the full force of the blow, although the sharp hoof of the enraged beast split the front of his hunting-shirt as neatly as though it had been done with the point of a knife.

a knife. of a knife.

Having already inserted cartridges in my gur,
I raised the weapon and put an end to the
wounded buck's life; and not until the struggle
was over with did my companion realize how
near he had been to death. Had he been an
inch closer to the deer, he would have been dis-

emboweled. Returning hastily to camp, we sent Uncle Lige down with his cart to bring in our game, and until bedtime that night we were occupied in

dressing and packing our venison.

We sought our respective places of repose about ten o'clock. When we retired, the air was dry and rather sharp. A strong wind was sweeping up from the south and roaring through the reeds on either side of us like the rush of a distant strong wind.

tant storm.
Uncle Lige stood guard; we could not induce

Uncle Lige stood guard; we could not induce him to give way to any of us.
"I don't like these dry winds," he said; "they 're dangerous here on this open peraro. No, no, boys; I'll keep watch to-night."
Woudering what he could be so afraid of, we went to sleep; and I rather thought that Uncle Lige must have fallen into a doze also, for along in the wight we were arward above startled. n the night we were aroused by a startled cry— a cry like that of one started suddenly from his

sleep with terror:
"Good Lord in heaven, boys! Git out, quick!
the Hell and Purgatory's after from center to
conference, and thar's no escape for us!"

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